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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

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THE LIVING AGE
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FEBRUARY 21, 1920

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

EVIDENCE accumulates that we must speedily find some solution for social unrest that will restore the will to work. The evil described so forcibly by Mr. Narquet in the first article we publish this week is not limited, as he suggests, to Europe. Americans realize that it exists in this country, but they may not be aware that it presents a threat even to the cheap labor industries of the overcrowded Orient.

Behind this new sentiment of indifference or hostility to useful work, lies the growing feeling that what is produced by that work is unfairly distributed. But that belief is an old one. It was preached in America with as much vehemence, and perhaps with as broad a hearing, in the days of political labor agitation that accompanied and followed the administration of Andrew Jackson, as it is to-day. What then has brought about the present crisis if it is not a reaction from the overstrain of war?

Doubtless, there are many causes, but there is one of such general application that it commands first attention. Currency inflation is a common war phenomenon, not only in Europe, but in America and Japan. Two striking passages from Mr. Keynes's book, *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, are quotable in this connection:

> Lenin is said to have declared that the best way to destroy the Capitalist System was to debauch the currency. By a continuing process of inflation, governments can confiscate, secretly and unobserved, an important part of the wealth of their citizens. By this method they not only confiscate, but they confiscate *arbitrarily;* and, while the process impoverishes many, it actually enriches some. The sight of this arbitrary rearrangement of riches strikes not only at security, but at confidence in the equity of the existing distribution of wealth. . . .
>
> Lenin was certainly right. There is no subtler, no surer means of overturning the existing basis of society than to debauch the currency. The process engages all the hidden forces of economic law on the side of destruction, and does it in a manner which not one man in a million is able to diagnose. . . .
>
> By directing hatred against this class (those enriched by the war), therefore, the European governments are carrying a step further the fatal process which the subtle mind of Lenin had consciously conceived. The profiteers are a consequence and not a cause of rising prices. By combining a popular hatred of the class of *entrepreneurs* with the blow already given to social security by the violent and arbitrary disturbance of contract and of the established equilibrium of wealth which is the inevitable result of inflation, these governments are fast rendering impossible a continuance of the social and economic order of the nineteenth century.

The campaign of education which Mr. Narquet advises as a remedy, should not be confined to wage earners.

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Economic fallacies originate in another class of society.

COMPILATIONS of Bolshevist decrees, ordinances, and official reports, and of newspaper descriptions of economic conditions in Russia quoted from Bolshevist sources, have recently been published in both Germany and France. The latest of these has just appeared in Paris. It is entitled, *Les Bolcheviks jugés par eux-mêmes*, by Boris Sokoff.

All the testimony which the present rulers of Russia present to their own people concerning economic conditions in their country confirms the opinion that the decline in production extends to agriculture as well as to manufacturing, and that up to the present this decline has not been checked, but probably continues at a constantly accelerated rate.

ITALY and Egypt are connected by close commercial ties; but these ties have no political significance. The former country's attitude toward Egyptian nationalism is not affected by those shadows of regret that still hover in the public mind of France, where a tradition of priority in that country, beginning with Napoleon and continued by DeLesseps, was terminated by the growing influence and ultimate control of England. Indeed, the Italian Government is deeply interested in a continuance of settled conditions throughout Northern Africa, because it needs the support of its European allies in its Tripoli adventure. At the same time, the officials and the press of that country have recently shown great anxiety to ingratiate themselves with the native population of Egypt and the Levant, as if to compensate by a conquest of sentiment for their possible failure to obtain the political concessions they desire. Italy's commercial and political rivals in the Eastern Mediterranean are the Greeks, to whom France is just now showing considerable favor. As a consequence, Italy is somewhat isolated in the Near East.

British friendship is a cherished tradition in Italy, and even were nearer neighbors more considerate, no policy would be popular that might affect that sentiment. Nevertheless, a large commercial colony, such as Italy has at Alexandria and Cairo, under an alien protectorate in a foreign land, is tempted to sympathize with the native population and occasionally to entertain vague thoughts of advantage from a political change. Added to these considerations in determining Italy's attitude toward Egypt, is the hope of universal democracy which, though rapidly waning, still moves the hearts of the common people of Europe.

Liberal Italy, whose leading press organ is the *Corriere della Sera*, is sympathetic with democracy wherever it asserts its claims. The article of its correspondent affords an interesting comparison with Mr. Roosevelt's opinion of the Egyptian situation, written nearly nine years ago and published with other correspondence dating from the time of his African trip in the February *Scribner's*.

> The country had obviously prospered astoundingly, both from the material and the moral standpoints, as compared with conditions as I had seen them over thirty years before; but the very prosperity had made Jeshuren wax fat and kick. In Cairo and Alexandria many of the noisy leaders of the Nationalist movement were merely Levantine Moslems in European clothes, with red fezes; they were of the ordinary Levantine type, noisy, emotional, rather decadent, quite hopeless as material on which to build, but also not really dangerous as foes, although given to loud talk in the cafés and to emotional street parades. These Levantines were profoundly affected by the success of the Young Turk movement in Turkey, and were prattling about a constitution and responsible government in language

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not materially different from that used by Mediterranean Christians when they are engaged either in a just and proper movement for reform or in a foolish revolutionary agitation.

The real strength of the Nationalist movement in Egypt, however, lay not with these Levantines of the cafés, but with the mass of practically unchanged bigoted Moslems to whom the movement meant driving out the foreigner, plundering and slaying the local Christian, and a return to all the violence and corruption which festered under the old-style Moslem rule, whether Asiatic or African. The American missionaries whom I met, and who I found had accomplished a really extraordinary quantity of work, were a unit in feeling that the overthrow of the English rule would be an inconceivable disaster; and this although they were quite frank in criticizing some features of English rule, and notably some actions of individual Englishmen in high places. The native Christians, the Copts, and also the Syrians and Greeks (although often themselves difficult to satisfy and fond of making absurd claims), took exactly the same view of the essentials, and dreaded keenly the murderous outbreak of Moslem brutality which was certain to follow the restoration of native rule in Egypt; but they were cowed by the seeming lack of decision of the English authorities, and the increasing insolence and turbulence of the Moslems. Moreover, I found traces, although not strong traces, of a feeling on their part that some of the English officials occasionally treated them with a galling contempt which made it hard for them always to appreciate as fully as it deserved the justice which they also received.

BULGARIA'S fluctuating national fortunes have twice within a decade brought her defeat and disaster close upon the heels of victory. Each of its recent wars has ended, after initial successes, with territorial loss. It will be left for history to decide whether this fickleness of fortune is due to national traits or to the misguided policies of the country's rulers.

At the opening of the first Balkan War the people of Russia sympathized strongly with that country. A resident in Russia heard constant encomiums of the patriotism, the national discipline, the sobriety of judgment, and the democratic instincts of the Bulgarian peasantry. Suddenly this sentiment was converted into equally passionate criticism of their national character.

As in other Balkan lands domestic politics have been dominated in the past by foreign policies. Political parties were divided into groups favoring, respectively, Russia and Germany. The pro-Russian party was weakened by the attitude of the Tsar's Government toward Bulgaria's claims in the last Balkan War, and therefore failed to prevent the alliance with Germany. Bulgaria's defeat has restored the prestige of this party, which has been consistently pro-Entente.

Popular sympathies, however, were not the sole power behind the foreign policy of Bulgaria. Palace intrigues had a powerful, and as the outcome shows, a baneful influence upon the country's fortunes. Although Tsar Ferdinand was a German nobleman, during the recent war the royal party bargained with equal insincerity with all contestants. Even after Bulgaria joined the Central Powers, Ferdinand's agents were reported in the German press to be communicating with Entente representatives in Sweden and Switzerland, seeking to reinsure their country against an unfavorable outcome of the war, of which the government already had a foreboding. Our Consul, who remained in Sofia,— since we never broke off relations with Bulgaria,— was a thorn in the side of the Germans, which they were never able to remove. These facts added plausibility to the cry of treason which resounded through Germany when the Bulgarian army finally collapsed.

The view of present conditions in the peasant kingdom, which we print this week, is by a German correspondent in Sofia, whose sympathies throughout the war were with its democratic leaders — some of whom are now agitating in favor of a republic.

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He knows thoroughly local political currents and economic conditions. The significant point in his article is one often overlooked by Western Europe and America, that a real Bulgarian settlement must await the reappearance of Russia in the international councils of Europe. Nothing done in Russia's absence will be final.

AMERICANS who have had little immediate occasion to interest themselves in revolutions are generally unaware that the process of overthrowing governments and social classes is rapidly being reduced to a science. For instance, the tactics of the insurgents in India betray the guidance of European revolutionary strategists as clearly as the grand manœuvres of a military power illustrate recognized principles of army strategy.

These tactics, however, are a two-edged sword, that may be directed against a revolutionary government as effectively as against a government representing conservatism and vested interests.

Majority Socialists are discovering this in Germany, and they have been compelled to meet these tactics by the same methods of defense that were used by their reactionary predecessors.

The recent disorders in Berlin illustrate this. They appear to have been instigated not by the Communists, but by the Independent Socialists, who are rated the less radical of the two groups. The crowd that assembled before the Reichstag building to protest against the proposed provisions of the Workers' Council Law, is said to have numbered thirty thousand. Processions from all parts of the city continued to arrive even after the early comers had departed. The great number of salaried workers present caused surprise. The large attendance of women, and of workmen of the class that has hitherto supported the more conservative faction of the Socialists, was another striking feature of the occasion. During the attack on the Reichstag building, extreme disorder prevailed in the National Assembly where the radical minority tried to intimidate the majority by tactics that verged upon riot. One local account says that the members of the government completely lost their heads. Independent and Majority Socialists reviled each other and seemed about to come to blows. Cabinet ministers rushed around in confusion, 'like frightened chickens,' to quote the expression of one observer, disclaiming responsibility for the very acts that were preserving the government. Indeed, only the police and the army — if we are to believe the first accounts received — stood firm in the confusion.

Edward Bernstein was one of the most conservative German Socialist leaders before the war. During the conflict he repudiated his former colleagues on account of the support they gave the government's war policy, and associated himself with the Independents. However, he returned to the Majority fold as soon as the problem of reconstructing German economy along Socialist lines presented itself for practical solution. His admonition to the working people is a lesson in legislative revolutionary tactics, which are quite distinct from the tactics of violence which more radical groups are fast developing into a science.

We print with Bernstein's article from *Vorwärts* another from the *Arbeiter Zeitung* of Vienna, because both seem to represent the apologetic or defensive attitude which the responsible leaders of the Socialist movement find themselves forced to assume on account of the failure of their programme to alleviate the distress of the masses. It is

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not Socialism triumphant nor Socialism defeated, but Socialism checked, self-critical, and apologetic, that we see in Europe to-day.

GERMAN property holders in Alsace-Lorraine are being treated much as French property holders were dealt with by the German Government during the war. In 1918 a Society of German Textile Manufacturers was formed to take over the French factories and mills in Mulhouse and vicinity. A serious controversy arose in Germany about the same time over the formation of a large company, said to be controlled by 'East Elbe' financial interests, for the purpose of purchasing the expropriated French estates in Alsace-Lorraine, and settling upon them North German peasants. This project aroused the bitter opposition of the Clericals and especially of the *Kölnische Volkszeitung*, the principal Centrist newspaper in the Rhine Valley. The people of the two provinces, who were resisting these German encroachments two years ago, appear now to be resisting similar encroachments by big business interests in France. For fifty years they have not enjoyed complete economic self-direction.

Control of the navigation and water power of the Rhine promises to afford a new subject of contention for Western Europe. Eventually, a general method for regulating important rivers serving more than one political division of the Continent must be devised. Although the peace treaties aim to do this, the example of the Danube shows that the small states which these treaties create may have as much difficulty in adjusting their respective national water rights, as cattle men and irrigation farmers have experienced in our own West. Just now, Alsace-Lorraine is taking advantage of the recent victory to enlarge its claims to the Rhine.

THE French view of Germany's emigration policy which we publish is somewhat overdrawn, though it has a substantial basis of fact. Germany's colonizing ambitions in the eastern provinces of Russia are well known. Shortly before his final defeat, Hindenburg announced an ambitious programme for the compulsory subdivision of the large estates in Courland, and granting them in small allotments to ex-soldiers and other German settlers. Insistence upon compliance with old promises to grant them land partly explains the recent refusal of the German volunteers to evacuate the Baltic Provinces. A similar policy had been followed in Prussian Poland, and doubtless would have been extended to Russian Poland and Lithuania had German arms been victorious.

It is hardly accurate to say that Germany's interest in South America as a future home for its emigrants is on the wane. German newspapers are devoting considerable attention to Spanish-America and some of them have correspondents there. We purpose printing occasional letters from this source, not so much because they reveal deep laid plans of commercial conquest or political propaganda, as because they give a view of social and business conditions in our neighbor republics somewhat different from that which we are likely to receive through other channels.

Immigration from Germany to South America began as soon as direct steamship communication between North German ports and Buenos Aires was resumed. A National Educational Commissioner has recently been in Paraguay, where he inspected the German schools, and arranged with the German *Volksbund* in that

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country for the establishment of a central German School Bureau at the capital. This office is to have general supervision over all the German Language Schools in the republic.

VORWÄRTS publishes an interesting account of the results of the recent election in Italy. The composition of the present Parliament is compared with that of the Parliament elected the year before the war, as follows:

Party	1913	1919
Socialists	55	156
Reformists	23	14
Clericals	33	101
Republicans	17	7
Liberals	380	230

The Liberals, using the word in the usual sense of anti-Clerical, have lost at the expense of the Clericals and Socialists, though they still remain the strongest single group. However, the Socialists and Clericals, both still in opposition, together constitute a majority. It is rumored that Gioletti is manœuvring to secure a coalition of these apparently antagonistic parties.

Rather strangely, both Clericals and the Socialists come mainly from Northern and Central Italy. Southern Italy and the Island electorates are anti-Clerical and Liberal. The Socialists hold 85 of the 187 districts in Northern Italy, and 60 of the 120 districts in Central Italy. Only 11 members of that party were returned from the southern part of the kingdom.

South Italy sent relatively more soldiers to the war than any other part of the kingdom, while Central and Northern Italy kept relatively more of their man power in the factories to turn the wheels of industry. The same contrast of political sentiment between the peasants and the artisans exists in Italy as in France. But in France, during the last campaign, all the elements opposed to Radicalism joined forces, while in Italy, the Liberal and Conservative parties wasted their strength in bitter local contests, inspired in many instances by personal animosities of rival candidates. It was against these divided forces that the Socialists won so conspicuous a victory.

THE unpopularity of the Versailles Treaty is restoring the prestige of public men who have been under eclipse because they opposed the war and preached skepticism as to the value of its results even for the winners. Former Premier Gioletti, whose partisans gained a marked predominance in the Italian Parliament at the elections of 1913, was opposed to Italy's joining the Allies, and throughout that conflict was regarded by the Germans as a friend of their country. He and several of his followers have been reëlected, and it is freely prophesied that he may be returned to power when the present coalition cabinet breaks up.

We often hear in America reference to a 'French sentiment,' a 'German sentiment,' or an 'Italian sentiment' toward the treaty. There is no such thing. The only attitudes in Europe are party attitudes — not national attitudes.

THE recent death of Professor Heinrich Lammash of Vienna removes from European public and academic life one of the most prominent and consistent pacifists of the war period. Professor Lammash enjoyed the personal friendship of Emperor Charles, and is supposed to have exerted great influence over the young monarch in behalf of peace. He was as conspicuous an exponent of such views in Austria, as was Professor F. W. Foerster in Germany.

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[*Revue Bleue* (Literary Bi-monthly), *January 10, 1920*]

THE GROWING DISLIKE OF WORK

BY LOUIS NARQUET

If it is true, as economists and sociologists assure us, 'that 'a wave of laziness' is sweeping over those European countries that have participated in the war, that may be a phenomenon explained by the law of reaction. We might even assume beforehand the probability of such a result. Nations, like individuals, after over-exerting themselves morally and physically, feel the need of rest before rallying for a new effort. The human organism is a machine of limited capacity. It cannot expend excess effort without a period of recuperation.

This phenomenon may be inevitable, but it does not for that reason constitute a less serious danger for the nations whose wealth and labor power have been most seriously diminished. Industrial production and agricultural production alike have been absorbed entirely in creating the means of warfare. Their permanent capital has been disastrously depreciated. They no longer possess reserves, and it is only by intensified production that they can supply objects of necessary consumption for the people and compensate for the loss of their best workers on the field of battle. Unless these nations are able to restore their productive capacity to the normal level, they will be condemned to privation and high prices for an indefinite period. They will be handicapped, moreover, in the international market, because they will have no excess of products to employ in reducing their inflated currency and their enormous public debts abroad, and to meet the increased taxes which must inevitably be levied. Their immediate embarrassment is increased by the fact that during the first steps of political and economic recovery they will have great difficulty in obtaining the food and raw materials indispensable for their sustenance and their industry.

So we have verified anew — let me say in passing — the law that nations are interdependent — a law doubly impressed upon us during the late hostilities. But let us ask the question whether this growing disinclination to work is not something more than a transient wave of idleness caused by the exhaustion of the war. May it not be due to a transformation in the mental attitude to labor which we have hitherto overlooked, and which the stress of our present situation has suddenly brought into evidence — just as we may be unconscious for years of some latent physical weakness until a shock or a chill or an accident suddenly produces serious symptoms? Is this not, in other words, an evidence of moral and economic disease that presents to our sociologists and economists a problem rendered more complex and delicate by the fact that it manifests itself simultaneously with the imperious demands of labor for shorter hours and higher wages? Undoubtedly, the excessive rise in prices due to the war has precipitated the demand of the working proletariat for higher wages. Parliament, in the meantime, has hastily adopted, under

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duress, a law reducing the working day to eight hours. But it is perfectly clear that if the increase of wages and the shorter hours of labor cause a decline of production, not only will the working people fail to derive any advantage from the change, but they will pay relatively more in proportion even to their higher wages for everything they buy, and the general welfare of society at large will be seriously affected.

The General Federation of Labor evidently realizes this danger, for in its 'minimum programme' it has summarized the demands of the working people in the following formula: 'Maximum production in minimum time for maximum wages.' Let us observe that this formula is precise only in appearance, for 'maximum wages' remains undefined and varies according to the idea of the person who uses it. However, ambiguous though the formula may be, it contains a vital truth — that is, reducing the hours of labor and raising wages must be accompanied by an increase, or at least by no falling off, in production.

This makes it important to inquire whether we have any data already upon this point. Now, we do have such evidence from a source that cannot be questioned by the working people. It is the testimony of the Russian Bolshevist newspapers, given by the leaders of Bolshevism, and consequently cannot be criticized as favorable to the bourgeoisie or capitalists — to use the language of our French revolutionaries. Bolshevism is nothing less, in fact, than a practical application of Marx's theories. It has inaugurated a dictatorship of the proletariat, nationalized industry, and placed production under the control of the working people. Here we have all the conditions for a decisive test. What are the results? Let us give them in the words of the men who made the experiments.

The Marxian, Bazaroff, writing in *Novaia Zhizn* of the 30th of March, 1918:

'From the first, it was quite evident that to put the workingmen in actual control would lead to the ruin of industry and would rapidly convert the proletariat into a labor reserve fund for capitalism instead of a mobilized army of workers.'

The term 'labor reserve fund' is somewhat obscure, but the statement is sufficiently explicit that labor control resulted in ruining industry.

Isvestia, the official organ of the Bolshevist Government, confirms this statement in its issue of May 4, 1918:

'It' (labor control) 'is simply total lack of comprehension of the conditions fundamentally necessary for industrial production — the absolute annihilation of the latter.'

Larin, the former People's Commissioner for Labor, after having admitted that 'the experiment did not succeed' concludes an article in the Twelfth Bulletin of the Consumers' Union with these words:

'We have got to abandon resolutely all idea of transferring the management of factories to the working people employed in them, for this meas ure results in merely substituting a new group of employers for a single employer.'

The same official asserted on the first of April, 1919, in the Control Commission:

'We have introduced in Russia unexampled license among the working people.'

This license and lack of discipline have resulted from shortening the hours of labor, increasing wages, and diminishing production. The decline in the latter is estimated at from sixty to seventy per cent. What happened in factories and in the railway admin istration is particularly significant.

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The expenses of the railways have risen from one and one half billion rubles to eleven billions, while the income from the roads has fallen to one fifth its former total. Compared with 1915, the decline in revenues was twenty per cent in 1916, seventy per cent in 1917, and eighty per cent at the end of 1919.

Another official organ of the Bolsheviki, *Novy Pout*, states in its second number that the factories of Oboukof and Nevsky had not been able to repair locomotives because they had to stop work in order to weed out the mechanics who were moderate Socialists hostile to Bolshevism, and that the cost of production had risen in the proportion of thirteen to one. A great unemployment crisis ensued and sixty per cent of the people working in the nationalized enterprises around Petrograd struck. The Marxian, Soukomlin, stated at a meeting of the General Federation of Labor on the eleventh of January, 1919:

'The state has become the employer, but the government is resorting to measures of control to which the working people have always been hostile. It has abolished the eight-hour day and reëstablished piece work.'

Lenin, himself, asserted before the second Pan-Russian Congress of Professional Unions that the political economy of Marxian Bolshevism had failed. The Poutiloff factories turned out but five locomotives during the first five months of 1918, as compared with a normal production of thirty-eight. The Nevsky works completed but eight as compared with fifty. The two shops delivered but thirty-eight locomotives in the course of the year, as compared with the former output of two hundred and ninety-seven. The number of workers employed on a locomotive had increased from between seventeen and twenty to between one hundred and thirty-one and one hundred and fifty-eight, and the cost of a locomotive had risen from forty-eight thousand rubles to eight hundred thousand rubles. The average repair items had increased from ten thousand rubles to one hundred thousand rubles. The famous Marxian, Bernstein, drew the following conclusion from this experience in his address before the Socialist Congress in Berne: 'Bolshevism leads directly to the decadence of mankind.'

To say the least, these results constitute practically a demonstration of the problem which we are considering. In complete control of the administration of industry and labor, the Russian Bolsheviki have reduced working hours and increased salaries with the result that prices have risen to unheard of heights and production has fallen to an unprecedented minimum. General expenses are nearly ten times what they were before and the price of manufactures has risen in proportion. The balance is idleness and misery. This is confirmed by the Bolshevist paper, *Derevensky Kommunist* (Village Communist), in number sixty-three.

'In place of working eight hours, resting eight hours, and devoting eight hours to pleasure and instruction, the workingmen loaf eight hours, sleep eight hours, and play cards the rest of the time. Cards and loafing are the principal occupations.'

So we see, that in Bolshevist Russia at least, the celebrated eight-hour formula no longer applies.

But is this increasing dislike of work not evident elsewhere than in Bolshevist Russia, as a sentiment accompanying the reduction of the hours of labor and the increase of salaries? An equally typical answer is furnished by the coal miners of the United Kingdom:

'In 1887 an English miner hewed annually two hundred and ninety-

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nine tons of coal for a wage of two hundred and sixty dollars. The mining cost per ton was slightly over ninety cents. In 1888 the average miner hewed but two hundred and forty-eight tons, his salary had risen to four hundred and fifty-five dollars. Consequently, the labor cost per ton was about one dollar and eighty-three cents.

In 1914, the annual output per miner fell to two hundred and forty-three tons, and his pay raised to four hundred and ninety-five dollars, so the labor cost per ton had increased to two dollars and three cents.

By 1918 the miner's annual output was only two hundred and twenty-four tons, while his yearly pay had risen to one thousand one hundred and eighty-two dollars, so the labor cost per ton reached five dollars and twenty-eight cents.

A representative of the Labor party in Parliament, Mr. Hartshorn, estimates that this year production will fall to one hundred and ninety-three tons, and that the labor cost per ton will reach six dollars, or seven times what it was twenty years ago, and three times what it was before the war. Working hours have fallen from twelve to ten and then to eight, and it is now proposed to reduce them to seven and possibly six.

The British Government has organized a Commission of Inquiry to investigate and stop waste. The manager of one of the big war works testified before this Commission that not a single one of the seven thousand workers employed in building airplanes did an honest day's work for the money he received.

We must recognize that the same conditions exist in France. Instead of trying to apply the formula of the General Federation of Labor, 'maximum production in minimum time for maximum wages,' the workers of the whole world are adopting the policy of 'maximum wages for minimum time and minimum production.' We say this without any hostility whatever toward the working proletariat. It is merely an economic phenomenon to be noted and studied in order to understand its meaning.

One can easily understand, in view of these conditions, that the solicitude of our merchants and manufacturers as to the result of the eight-hour day and the accompanying rise of wages is not without some foundation. Looked at from this angle, increasing distaste for work, though it may be explained for the moment by the 'wave of laziness' that has followed the overexertion of the war, is in reality due to more fundamental social causes likely to produce serious effects. For the growing deficit in production inevitably will produce universal want and social retrogression. What are its causes? The progress of invention has certainly increased the comforts of life and contributed in that respect to human happiness, but it has also increased our demands and sharpened our appetite for pleasure. At the same time, mechanical progress has inspired us with a desire to do things with the least possible effort. That is the primary cause for the increasing dislike of work. It has not affected equally rural labor, probably because the product of the soil is measured by the amount of toil that is devoted to its cultivation.

Operative labor, on the other hand, ordinarily receives a fixed remuneration in the form of wages. This deprives the worker of personal interest in his output. Employees demand, furthermore, that wages shall be equal, since the needs of the workers are equal. They prefer to increase their incomes by exerting pressure

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upon employers rather than by piece work. A country laborer, especially if he shares in the crop, knows that the more he works, the higher his income will be. Even though the use of agricultural machinery may extend, the personal effort of the farmer will determine in a great degree the amount he receives in return. We need not fear seriously that his dislike for work will grow.

On the other hand, labor leaders endeavor to keep the working people in their own power by inciting them to fight capitalism. They denounce the latter as an exploiter and proclaim class war. These are easy tactics and they succeed, because, unhappily, men are more easily interested in a struggle that appeals to their instincts of violence and vengeance than in appeals for coöperation inspired by cool-headed common sense.

This general belief among the working people, that they are being exploited by the capitalists in an unjust and odious way, tends to dishonor labor in their minds. Work becomes a badge of inferiority and servitude; it subjects its victims to an iron law which they are entitled to escape at any cost. Consequently, the workingman, while waiting for the hour when he can revolt and establish a dictatorship over the other classes of society, adopts a policy of enforcing by successive strikes the payment of higher wages and shorter hours of work. The leaders of the labor movement call these strikes 'preliminary skirmishes' before the great dawn of proletariat rule. They thus increase the dislike of work and reduce production.

The United States has remedied to a great extent the increasing disinclination to labor by adopting the Taylor system, and France may well follow that example. Furthermore, the Americans are not infected with the doctrines of Karl Marx to nearly the same extent as the people of Europe. The real remedy the world over is to educate the working classes in economics and to change their attitude of mind.

The wage earner must be brought to see that he is subject to the same limitations as his employer. High salaries depend upon the prosperity of the industry in which he is engaged and the value of his output. He may reduce hours of labor and increase wages, but these will be only Pyrrhic victories unless they are accompanied by a larger production. They will either ruin the industries which support workingmen and employer alike, or they will bring about so great an increase in the cost of living that the benefit of high wages becomes a sham, and the working people really obtain less for the larger sums of money at their disposal than they did before with more moderate pay. First of all, we should refute the fallacy that work is dishonorable.

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[*Corriere della Sera* (Liberal Daily), *December 30, 1919*]

THE EGYPTIAN DRAMA

BY GUELFE CIVINIMI

ALEXANDRIA, December 17.— In the official centre of the new Cairo, the Piazza of Soliman Pasha, a medical student threw two bombs the other morning, and fired a revolver at the new president of the National Council, just as the latter was leaving his residence to go to the Khedival Palace. The two bombs did no damage except to break the windows of the Premier's limousine, and the revolver shot went far astray. Motor-cycle guards promptly threw themselves upon the student and disarmed him. He made no resistance and merely shouted: 'Long live our country!' Then he was quietly led away.

The young man was taken to the political prison and subjected to a searching inquiry. He had two other bombs in his pocket, and also two extra revolvers — a little armory. He stated calmly that his action was not only premeditated but had been pondered for a long period; that he did not commit it as an attack against the person of the Premier so much as a protest against the coming of the Milner Mission, and against those who refused to follow the example of the last Premier, Mohammed Said Pasha, but had resumed the offices from which they had resigned, and were making no further protest against the Mission, which had been in Cairo then more than a week.

Mohammed Said Pasha had been president of the council from the time that the previous cabinet resigned last spring. He stated frankly to General Allenby himself that he thought sending a mission from England to investigate the situation in Egypt implied that the British Government persisted in considering the Egyptian question entirely a matter within the empire, and thereby denied from the outset the legitimate national aspirations of his people. Therefore, the late Premier considered the decision to send the mission not only an inopportune political measure but a useless proceeding, inasmuch as the Egyptian Government could not recognize that Lord Milner and the other members had any official authority, and, consequently, could not discuss affairs with them on an official basis. For a brief period it seemed that this frank statement might cause the British Government to change its plan, or at least to postpone further action until the treaty of peace with Turkey had been signed. But a little afterward, the British High Commissioner, upon his return from London, informed the Premier that it had been decided to dispatch the Milner Mission. The Premier resigned, together with all his cabinet. The crisis was a brief one, however, for the other members, who were not personally compromised by the declaration of their chief, at once took back their portfolios, substituting for the former Premier, the Minister of Finance, Wahba Pasha — the gentleman attacked the other morning.

So this is the history of the incident I describe. The student readily gave his name, with a deprecatory gesture,

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as if to say, 'That is a matter of very slight importance.' He was a lad nineteen years old. His name really is unimportant. He is only one of a multitude. It is a name that, after martial law has ceased, Egyptian patriots will add to their list of martyrs. For although many of the Egyptian newspapers deplore the incident and admonish their readers that these insane acts injure the true interests of the country and the cause of the people, nevertheless, every Egyptian in the bottom of his heart realizes that it was not criminal folly that inspired this youth. His patriotism may have been fanatical, but, mark my words well, it was not Islam fanaticism. Some people pretend, although they realize at heart it is not true, that this Egyptian agitation and its more violent manifestations are inspired by the old fanaticism of Mohammed. Such an explanation might seem plausible in this case, because the present Premier is a Copt. But although the medical student who threw the bombs is a Mussulman, his two associates, arrested as accomplices in the act, were themselves Christians. Moreover, in the big popular demonstrations at Alexandria and Cairo, for the first time in history, the banners flown showed the Crescent interwoven with the Cross. Of the fourteen million inhabitants of Egypt, one million are Christian. Until a short time ago the two elements were as distinct from each other as each of them was from the Jews. To-day, precisely as has happened in India among the Mussulmans and the Hindus, every trace of religious division has departed. All Egyptians are enrolled under a single banner. Everyone behind his mask of silence is burning with the same faith, and confident that his cause will ultimately triumph.

Therefore, the situation is serious, exceedingly serious. A new arrival may not appreciate that. He reads in the newspapers that Lord Allenby and the honorable members of the Milner Mission have left Cairo for a hunting excursion at Akiad. He sees the hotels crowded until late at night with officers and English ladies dancing fox trots. So he asks, what about this talk of revolution? His skepticism is aroused. But just as he begins to doubt, armored automobiles and machine guns mounted on motor cycles thunder past at full speed. They are headed toward the native quarter. Detachments of police hasten by with trailed rifles and fixed bayonets. Troops of cavalry clatter by at a gallop. There are alarms and scattered firing, of which the echoes hardly reach, or do not reach at all, the European quarter. But now and then a silent gesture, or a rapid glance of understanding, a sharp regard with which a passing stranger turns round and watches you — and then the reports of the incessant strikes which are beginning, as they did last spring, to affect every class of society, laborers, business men, government officials; then again, the nightly meetings in the mosques; and finally the popular protests and petitions that arrive every day from all parts of the country, denouncing the presence of the Milner Mission in Egypt — all these things gradually open your eyes to a state of affairs and a condition of sentiment that make you wonder whether the hunting parties and the apparent indifference of your blond companions at the hotel dances are not an affectation, or perhaps an evidence of willful ignorance. You then realize that the attack upon the Premier means something. It is not more important than other events inspired by the same sentiment, but it is typical of a profoundly dramatic situation. Surely, it does not

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signify more than the solemn protests which the ulema of El Ahzar, the most sacred mosque in Egypt, the most venerated temple of Islam have sent to the Khedive, the Prime Minister, and Lord Allenby. This document reads as follows:

'Last Thursday, the 11th of December, a detachment of British troops pursuing a group of demonstrators, invaded the sacred Mosque of El Ahzar. Armed with clubs, these soldiers violated with their boots the sacred precints of this Holy Place; they profaned this great University of Islam which is the sanctuary of Mussulman students from the whole world. They struck, threatened with death, and brutally assaulted the Mosque attendants while engaged in their usual duties. Finally, they attempted to break in the door of the private study of the Chancellor of the Grand Mosque. It is impossible to describe the profound indignation which these acts have occasioned in all El Ahzar.

'We, the undersigned, Ulema and Sheiks of El Ahzar, protest solemnly against this reprehensible violation, as is incumbent upon men entrusted with the care and services of the Sacred Mosque.'

Two hundred signatures follow, beginning with those of the Grand Mufti, the Grand Cadi, and the Sheik-ul-Islam.

I have termed it a dramatic situation. Better said — a dramatic problem. For situations, no matter how serious, may be met and mastered, especially when one of the parties of the controversy commands means of coercion and the other does not. But questions remain unchanged and become even more imperative and exigent, when the party possessing no powers of coercion continues to employ the invulnerable weapon of popular sentiment and patriotism. Recent events here prove the truth of this. At the end of last April, the violent agitation that had convulsed all Egypt, and resulted daily in sanguinary conflicts, subsided upon the arrival of General Allenby, the High Commissioner, and the adoption of severe repressive measures accompanied by the proclamation of martial law. The situation was mastered but the problem remained unsolved. Indeed, it was aggravated during the ill-boding calm that followed. Egypt has entered upon a road from which, at the moment, there is no visible exit. In saying this, the unbiased observer states an indisputable fact, though he may take no sides in the controversy. Egypt is to-day the scene of a profound conflict that certainly cannot be settled by the methods and measures which England seems disposed to use. It is only a new phase of that ancient question of the East, which was the primary cause of the great tragedy that has just engulfed the world, and which the war has not solved but complicated, so that it presents itself to-day more perplexing and minatory than ever. That question cannot be solved unless the nations victorious in the recent war have the wisdom and the self-control to make reciprocal sacrifices, and to grant generous concessions to the aspirations of the people of the East, whose courage was renewed during the conflict by new hopes, which the high ideals of humanity proclaimed by the western nations inspired. In their innocence they supposed these promises of democracy were sincere! But hardly had the echoes of the cannon died away before the old greed of conquest reasserted itself.

That is the origin of the new Egyptian drama, and of others that, perchance, are soon to appear upon the stage of history.

We must not blame England for

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this. It is historic destiny. We must recognize that the English and the Egyptians, each from their respective points of view, are equally justified in their contentions. England dare not withdraw its firm hand from a country which it needs for imperative economic and political reasons. These are reasons that overrule all other considerations. They affect the vital sources of British power and involve the very roots of England's national prosperity. Egypt means for England, first of all, the Suez Canal and cotton. The road to India is one of the most important channels of supply — the third most important in the world — for Manchester. After observing this, we may pass over numerous minor, but still important, resources which this country offers to England and the English. It is not our business to discuss whether this is imperialism or something else. From its standpoint, England is right. On the other hand, a nation of fourteen million people is right in demanding a liberty which it is qualified to exercise and which it is willing to accept, subject to reasonable limitations. For example, the Egyptians will consent to continue the European capitulations, and to grant all other guaranties that alien residents may claim for the protection of their local interests.

I cannot refrain from suggesting here, that although the Italians of Egypt who find themselves the guests of two hosts, in a family rent by bitter domestic strife, ought to withhold their judgment and refrain from taking part in this controversy, nevertheless, they are also impelled by other considerations to try to pacify and conciliate these opponents. Any present pacification may be but temporary; for the future is in the hands of God. I venture to mention Italy, because we have a flourishing and industrious colony of more than thirty thousand of our sons in Egypt and, therefore, are deeply interested in the tranquillity and prosperity of that country. A nation like our own, which quite apart from these considerations has won so much sympathy from the Arabic world by its recent liberal treatment of the native population under its control, and which England itself recognizes as a disinterested friend that has shed its blood for a common victory and the triumph of civilization, might be a most appropriate mediator if these parties are not able to agree of their own accord.

But I do not expect such an outcome. England will insist upon our recognizing its protectorate and we shall be constrained to grant its wishes.

Therefore, the Egyptian drama will continue.

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[*Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal Daily), *December 29, 1919*]

BULGARIA AND THE PEACE TREATY

BY MAX ROSEN

'When the Bulgarian people read the immortal message of Wilson they felt assured at heart that these were the very principles for which their nation had fought for years — and they laid down their arms.'

These are the words with which the leader of the Bulgarian Conservative Socialists, Sakassof, Minister of Commerce, began the memorial which he submitted to the Supreme Council at Paris. He thus explained the step that led to the collapse of the Quadruple Alliance, and was the beginning of the end. Only too speedily did a majority of the German people adopt the same view. Thereupon, the men who had been demanding a German peace at any cost, without troubling much as to whether such a peace might seem equally desirable to our Allies, and their newspapers, which had been preaching unlimited annexations, regardless of the fact that our powers of resistance were evidently on the wane, began to shout, 'treason.' A person who spent those critical days in Sofia will never forget how, at the moment when sentiment was keyed to the highest pitch and utter confusion of councils prevailed, the usual Wolf telegraph dispatch came from Berlin, stating that the Bulgarian collapse had been anticipated and would not have the slightest effect on the course of events.

Too little time has elapsed since then for us to pass judgment upon those at fault for blasting all our fair hopes of future economic and political supremacy in this part of Europe. We can see already that no single person is responsible. A series of blunders, combined with equally unhappy accidents, coöperated to produce this result. We know now that our military and diplomatic authorities were not in accord even in regard to Bulgaria. Nothing did so much to embitter the Bulgarians and to weary them with the war, as the unhappy settlement of the Dobrudja question establishing joint jurisdiction over that territory.

A year has passed since then, and Prime Minister Stambuliski has been forced to sign the Peace Treaty at Neuilly. This terminates the independence of Bulgaria, proclaimed on October 5, 1908, at Tirnovo. Entente Commissions, stationed at Sofia, will regulate all questions affecting the Bulgarian Government and administration. The diminished land must pay a war indemnity of two and one quarter billion francs in gold. This may seem a petty sum compared with the undetermined indemnity imposed on Germany, but it is an enormous burden for a small and undeveloped country like Bulgaria to bear. As harsh as are the financial conditions, however, the territorial settlement is far worse. All thought of applying Wilson's Fourteen Points to Bulgaria vanished as soon as the sword was sheathed. The people had looked forward to a new partitioning of the Balkans, according to the wishes of the people residing there, as promised in Point Eleven of Wilson's programme of January 8, 1918. In-

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stead of that, boundaries have been drawn in accordance with a confused and incomprehensible mixture of historical, ethnographical, and strategic considerations, and as if this were not enough, the right of conquest has been invoked to deprive Bulgaria of territory indisputably its own.

Macedonia, for which generations of Bulgarians have sighed and fought, and will continue to sigh and fight as long as there is such a people, goes to Serbia and Greece. No question exists but what the population of that territory is a mixed one. But, however weighty the arguments that Greece, and particularly Serbia, may advance to justify their claims, they cannot push aside the fact that in 1912, in a solemn agreement that formed the basis of the Balkan Union, the Bulgarian character of Macedonia was expressly recognized, and that only a small zone was regarded as of doubtful nationality, so that its ultimate disposition was left to the Tsar as arbitrator. No attention has been paid in the present settlement to this earlier recognition of Bulgaria's rights. Not the slightest attempt was made to ascertain the desires of the people living there. The fact that thousands of Macedonians hold high official positions in Bulgaria and are eminent in its trade professions, and that hundreds of thousands of Macedonian refugees are now living in its jurisdiction, had no influence in the matter.

Bulgaria also loses Thrace, which was allotted it in 1913, and the railway line to Dedeagatsh, which the Central Powers assigned to Bulgaria as compensation for the recent alliance. Neither did the Bulgarians recover the southern portion of Dobrudja. They were forced to cede this territory to Roumania by the Treaty of Bucharest, in 1913. Ancient Bulgarian cities, which have, it is true, a Turkish minority among their residents, but scarcely a single Roumanian, are forcibly separated from their mother country. No person questions that this fruitful district is entirely Bulgarian by nationality. The decision as to its political destiny hung in the balance for some time, but it was allotted finally to Roumania as a prize of victory. As if this were not enough, the little city of Zaribodie, with some twenty surrounding villages, is detached from the Bulgarian motherland. This affects only twenty thousand people, to be sure, but they are still human beings who have learned Bulgarian from their mother's lips and never dreamed that they would become aliens to their native country. The total result of the new boundary adjustments is a deformed, lacerated, humiliated Bulgaria, with fewer than four million inhabitants and a little more than one hundred thousand square kilometres of area.

Sorrow and indignation struggle for mastery in the heart of the Bulgarian people. Parliament, in which since the last election the peasants and Socialists have a majority, has adopted a resolution protesting bitterly against the treaty and stigmatizing it as an instrument of revenge and injustice. This resolution says: 'The Sobranje learns with anguish and stupefaction that fragments are to be torn on every side from the living body of the nation. We appeal to the conscience of civilized mankind against the treatment that has been allotted us. We did not anticipate that the Supreme Council in Paris would tread under foot our liberties and our independence.'

This, by no means, implies that the Bulgarians will again seek close relation with their former allies. No, it is the former pro-Russian party, earlier the champions of the Entente, who are seizing the opportunity to point out the

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frightful consequences of the alliance with Germany. The new government has arrested a great number of adherents of the Radoslavof cabinet, including former ministers and delegates to Parliament, and men prominent in every sphere of public life. They are to be brought to judgment for their acts. Every indication points to the present cabinet's following obediently in the path traced by the Supreme Council.

But in the hearts of the rank and file of the nation, this so-called peace has engendered a bitterness that has alienated all sympathy for the Entente. Weary of political adventure, all the people want is to begin the restoration of their economic prosperity, independent of encroaching neighbors. The people count upon the aid of those countries who know the needs of the Bulgarian market. Their call for commercial friendships may be silenced for a period, but it will ultimately be heard.

The great future task of Bulgarian foreign policy will be to secure by every peaceful means the revision of the Peace Treaty. The public men now in power will not be able to resist permanently the great pressure welling up from below, which is constituting a community of interest with Germany. The form in which this interest will be incarnated is not yet revealed to our vision. It lies in the mist of that far greater problem, the greatest problem of present Europe — Russia.

[*Vorwärts* (Conservative-Socialist Daily), *December 30, 1919*]

REVOLUTIONS IN THEORY AND PRACTICE

BY EDUARD BERNSTEIN

I HAVE been moved by Gustav Mayer's fine biography of Engels to reread some of the letters which I received from him in the course of a correspondence extending through many years. In one of them I chanced upon a paragraph that seems appropriate to-day. It is in a letter written in July, 1883:

'The Germans constantly commit the great error of imagining that revolutions can be made over night. In reality they are merely an acceleration of popular movements normally occupying several years. Any revolution made over night either sweeps away a reactionary system that was hopeless from the first, as in 1830, or leads to a result directly opposite that which is sought, as in 1848.'

How true these trite but sensible words are proving themselves to be! How irrefutable is the demonstration of their validity that we are receiving from countries where the most diverse conditions prevail; whose experiences prove that even revolutions are organic processes obeying definite laws of evolution! They may be accelerated, indeed, but they cannot be arbitrarily and prematurely hastened without producing the very opposite effect from that desired. Wherever the common people have lost sight of this truth, a wave of reaction has undone their work. This reaction may take

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the form of a brutal reign of terror instituted by the old masters of society, or of a reign of anarchy affecting the social organism like a malig nant disease and producing universal misery.

My readers will recall the familiar story of Nicholas I of Russia, who, when railways were proposed in his country and his royal advisers discussed the route to be taken between the two capitals, seized a ruler and drawing a straight line from one city to the other said sharply: 'That is the shortest route. Build it there.' Consequently, the roadbed crosses miles of difficult morass and then runs through stony and broken country, requiring a multitude of bridges and embankments. Its cost was several times greater than that of a route wisely accommodated to the topography. The history of absolute despots is filled with instances of similar arbitrary acts, which have resulted in a frightful sacrifice of human labor and human life. Revolutions and revolutionist parties who get the mad idea that they can arbitrarily turn the world in any direction they desire, and override economic law and human nature, are pursuing precisely the same policy as these despots. Many of the dictatorial commands with which Lenin, Trotzky, and their associates began their rule involuntarily remind one of that capricious order of their fellow countryman, Nicholas I. They are inspired by the same spirit, and how much human happiness that has cost!

Of course, I would not suggest that we pursue a passive, *laissez-faire* policy, or timidly refrain from thoroughgoing measures. The Social Democracy, as the party of social reform, should bear in mind the beautiful verses of Sallet:

You tell us that hot-headed youth
Presses too ardently toward its dreams of freedom,
Forgetting history's lesson, that only patience wins:
Yet does not history stop when effort ceases?

On the other hand, we must not confound mere readiness to undertake things with real accomplishment, nor assume that a law must seem radical in order to have a radical effect.

Our Independent Socialists rival the Communists in their criticism of the Shop Committee Law presented by the majority coalition to the National Assembly. Now, I do not dispute the fact that the law has defects from the labor point of view. It is like every project of a coalition, a compromise. But this does not mean that it is worthless. If the Majority Socialists have made concessions to the bourgeoisie on several points, the latter have also made concessions to the Socialists. Indeed, the whole law, though it does not seem radical, is a significant concession by the middle classes to the Socialist conception of justice, and to that extent is a part of the social revolution. It carries the germ of a fruitful social development, and must be endorsed by every Socialist who is not more loyal to his party than to his social conscience.

What should decide a Socialist to endorse or reject a measure is: Does a law or regulation run counter to the purposes for which Social Democracy is striving, or does it involve conditions so unfavorable to our purposes as to interfere with their achievement? In that case the measure should be rejected. Or will the proposal have no effect upon social evolution? Is it merely a string of hollow phrases? In that case, we may approve or reject it, according to the expediency of the occasion. But if such a proposal contains the germ of future development,

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the interests of the laboring class compel us to support it, although it may not immediately satisfy all the popular demands of the working people.

The Shop Committee Law, approved by the Majority Socialists, belongs to the last of these three groups.

Those of our Independent Socialists who have not lost all sense of personal responsibility would doubtless ponder well whether they could conscientiously reject the proposed law if its enactment or defeat depended upon their votes. Since their votes are not necessary, they are in the pleasant position of being able to disapprove the measure with a gesture of Catonic virtue, because it does not agree in every detail with their demands. But the advantage of this position is of very doubtful value. It is a temptation to embark upon a policy likely to end in the complete demoralization of their Socialist conscience.

In one of my last conversations with our deceased leader, August Bebel, our talk turned upon the different votes given by our party at a period when the number of Socialist representatives in the Reichstag was very small. Bebel said, energetically: 'Factious opposition is a thing of the past. We shall avoid repeating the error in the future.' He had a very high conception of the increasing responsibility of the party.

The revolution has added immeasurably to that responsibility. Upon the shoulders of the Social Democracy rests primarily the safety of the republic — the task of so establishing it in the hearts of the people that reaction will be impossible. In view of Germany's unhappy international situation and its economic distress, this can be accomplished only by a wise policy of reform proceeding toward direct socialization in every field where this appears practicable and desirable, but doing this in such a way as to avoid the premature destruction or disturbance of the bourgeois business organization. A policy which disregards the latter command does harm to the working people at the same time that it injures the general economic organism. Instead of accelerating the revolution, as the champions of a headlong policy assert, premature measures only prolong the revolution — as Engels intimated in the paragraph I quoted at the beginning of this article — and invite reaction.

Engels cited the French Revolution of 1848 in support of his statement. I had completely forgotten his letter when, in the middle nineties, I arrived independently at the same conclusion as a result of a thorough study of that revolution. One of the results of that study was a little book upon the premises of Socialism, and particularly the chapter of that book where I discuss the relation of Blanc's theories to those of Marx. Anyone who so desires, has an excellent opportunity to test the justice of my conclusions at that time, by comparing them with recent occurrences in Russia and Hungary.

Returning to the question of the Shop Committee Law, the people who maintain that the Majority Socialist proposal is a hollow pretense of no practical advantage for the workers, merely demonstrate by their position that they are not well grounded in Socialist theory. A working class that would derive no advantage from obtaining objects incorporated in that law, for which the Social Democracy has fought energetically for years, would thereby demonstrate its incapacity to profit by a more radical enactment.

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[*Arbeiter Zeitung* (Conservative Socialist Daily), *December 28, 1919*]

THE WESTWARD COURSE OF REVOLUTION

WESTWARD, the star of revolution takes its way. The overthrow of Tsarism in Poland and Volhynia made possible the Russian revolution. The overthrow of German imperialism in France and Macedonia cleared the road for revolution in Central Europe. When the working people and peasants of Russia seized political power in 1917, they thought that their uprising would be followed immediately by a similar movement among the proletariat of Germany and Western Europe. But a year of untold suffering elapsed before conditions were ripe for a revolution in the Central Powers. When, finally, the working people of Germany and Austria-Hungary did actually storm the Bastile of their masters, the full energy of the Russian revolutionary proletariat was employed in a defensive struggle against counter-revolutionary assaults from within and without. The Russian revolution succeeded by a titanic effort in repelling its domestic and alien enemies. But the land is emerging from that struggle in bitter misery; its productive forces are crippled, its economic machinery is in ruins.

When the working people of Germany and Austria revolted in January, 1918, they likewise anticipated an immediate revolt of the proletariat in the lands to the westward, who would come to their aid and support. However, the victorious imperialism of the West surrounded Germany and German Austria with the same circle of steel which it had forged around revolutionary Russia. Therefore, the first task of a world revolution was to break the chains of the land and sea blockade, and to disperse the bands of English and French *condottieri* in Russia. To this task was added, subsequently, that of destroying the Peace Treaties of Versailles and Saint Germain.

Meantime, a full year passed before the proletariat of England, Italy, and America began to move. A year passed before the intoxication of victory gradually ceased to cloud the minds of the workers in these three Powers, and the idea of the class struggle could prevail over the idea of imperialism. But during this year of bitter struggle against privation, ruined industries, and crippled production, the high tide of revolution began to ebb. Like their Russian brothers, the proletariat of Germany and the Danube countries had been able to overthrow completely the rule of their old feudal lords. But they were unable to construct anything substantial to take its place.

Tragic misfortune has dogged the steps of the social revolution in Russia and Central Europe. The people of these countries seized political control just when economic conditions were at their worst.

The Russian revolution overthrew the Tsar and Kerensky in the name of Socialism. But the economic and political crisis prevailing throughout the world forced Soviet Russia to make compromises that surrendered important Socialist principles. In order to have peace, that government was forced to recognize the private title of the peasants to the land, to engage to pay its debts to foreign capitalists, and to turn over the country's mineral treasures and transportation system and factories to foreign capital.

The proletariat of Germany and German Austria were equally desirous of founding a true Socialist community. But war had destroyed the economic foundations for such a community. The wealth of these countries, accumu-

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lated during forty years of prosperous peace, was wasted. The machinery of production had fallen into ruin and those lands had become entirely dependent upon foreign relief. So, the working people, when they settled themselves to build a new social order, found themselves facing a desert. Their task was to build, but they had no stone and mortar.

In spite of economic obstacles the Russian proletariat has fortified its power. The bourgeoisie of Russia is still primitive and helpless; the peasantry are politically apathetic. So, the Russian working people, relying on a million red guard soldiers, control the state. The bourgeoisie of Central Europe is incomparably stronger and abler than in Russia, and the peasantry of that region have a highly developed political consciousness. During the first assault, the working classes of Germany might overwhelm the bourgeoisie, but in the course of the year the latter have rallied their forces. The crippled condition of trade and manufacturing prevented the rapid introduction of social reforms in spite of the opportunity afforded by the revolution. Consequently, the bourgeoisie have recovered their morale and again are making a bold front. They decide that the revolution must stop right here.

But world revolutions do not run their course in weeks and months. They are epochs in universal history whose period is determined by the same causes that shape that history. They require years and decades to mature. At a time when reactionaries are massacring the champions of liberty in Hungary, and are intent upon recovering power in Germany and Austria, the working classes of Western Europe and America have begun to move. Our bourgeoisie think that they stand at the side of revolution's grave, but that mighty youth is marching ever westward.

Of course, we recognize that social transformations will assume a different guise in western countries from the one they take in Central Europe and Russia. In Germany and Russia, the workers were held down by feudal masters. The revolution had to crush these feudal masters. It, consequently, took on a violent form. In western countries, the presence of democratic institutions permits the working people gradually to develop political consciousness and authority. The form which revolution assumes in such countries is evolutionary. To be sure, the power of class is ranged against the power of class in the West also, but democracy mitigates the violence of the struggle. The revolution that has just occurred in England is quite as profound as the one in Russia. The class struggle that has flared up in America is no less vigorous than in Germany. But social conflicts in the countries of the West are fought out silently and in the depths, and do not betray their symptoms on the surface.

The social transformation that is occurring in England gave evidence of itself at the Congress of the Labor party, the English workingmen's party, in June of last year. That party asserted that our social ills could not be remedied by partial measures, but that that society must be reconstructed from the foundation. Therefore, it demanded democratic control of industry, starting with the immediate socialization of railways, mines, and electric power. The Labor party said the word. The giant army of workingmen began to move. First of all, the English working people, even during the last year of the war, began to appoint shop stewards and advisory committees and to establish a shop council system. In addition, they or-

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ganized in the systematic way typical of English working people, a campaign for nationalizing industry. In the middle of December an extra session of the Trade Union Congress was held in London. The leader of the miners, J. J. Thomas, said: 'If the case of the miners is based upon democratic and constitutional arguments of public interest, the necessary conclusion is that our only proper course will be to convince the public of the justice of our case. In doing this, we must not overlook the political side of our movement, which may be as powerful an instrument for attaining our ends as direct action. It will not be as expensive and as difficult to gain our objects by our ballots as by strikes.'

Lloyd George has now attempted, in his great Manchester speech, to rally the capitalist bourgeoisie against the working people. The Labor party is opposing the power of the English proletariat to the power of the bourgeoisie. It is demanding that the industries of the country be organized as a great national undertaking. It proposes to employ its physical power as an element in industry to acquire control of industry. It proposes to nationalize the mines; but it will not stop there. A conviction that the individualist system of capitalism broke down during the war has impressed itself upon the consciousness of the working classes. Social revolution in England has commenced. The land is in a ferment. Next February the people again cast their ballots and we expect the working class to become the dominant influence in the government.

In America, likewise, the class struggle is assuming new and critical aspects. There, too, the workers demand the socialization of railways and coal mines and great industries. Hitherto they have stood aloof from political struggles. They are now resolved to participate as a class in the coming presidential election. A few weeks ago a political labor party was founded in Chicago, which proposes to put its own candidate in the field. Even the conservative trade unions, led by Gompers, are entering the election, for the first time in their history, with a political and social programme that demands a labor code for the protection of the working people and the democratic control of industry.

So, while our bourgeoisie are waiting impatiently for the return of the good old days, the aspect of society throughout the world changes with every passing moment. While the bourgeoisie fancy themselves accompanying the revolution to its grave, the latter rises in full vigor to the West. Just as employers imagine that they have stopped the movement toward socialization here, a gigantic struggle is starting in England and America to socialize the vast industries of those countries. While our middle classes are protesting against an eight-hour day, English and American employers are being forced to grant a seven-hour and a six-hour day. While our people are talking of repealing the reforms of the revolution, the working class of England is pressing forward to new and more radical measures. Quite true, indeed, the high tide of the social struggle in Central Europe is ebbing, but it is still rising, more powerful than ever, farther toward the sunset. Out of the sea came the dawn of the proletarian revolution; its full noon-tide now moves toward the western zenith.

[*Journal de Genève* (Liberal Democratic Daily), *January 5, 1920*]

HOLLAND'S WAR LOSSES

EVERYONE knows that the prosperity of Holland depends entirely upon free access to the sea. Naturally,

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therefore, the shackles placed upon ocean commerce by the belligerent countries during the war and the armistice have caused heavy losses to Holland and have prostrated its international, colonial, and internal commerce.

In 1913 the net tonnage entering and departing from Dutch ports was 36,229,000. In 1918 it had declined to 3,363,000. In 1913 the number of persons employed in the Dutch merchant marine registered at Amsterdam and Rotterdam exceeded 50,000. In 1918 it was less than 1800. Naturally, therefore, there are many unemployed.

This enforced idleness extends beyond the people normally engaged on shipboard, whom we have just mentioned. It extends to the employees of warehouses and wharves and shipyards and dealers in ships' supplies. It affects also the clerks and agents and brokers and thousands of other commercial employees, whose labor was directly or indirectly associated with that of their seagoing colleagues.

Added to this prostration of the merchant marine are other direct losses due to war measures. Many cargoes shipped at a time when no regulations existed to prevent their reaching their destination, never arrived because sudden measures to prevent this were put into effect while they were in transit.

Vessels after being loaded were held in port indefinitely and often forced to relinquish their trip and to sell their cargoes at a loss. Finally, commerce between Holland and its own colonies gradually declined and at last it ceased entirely. The colonial wares from its own possessions offered for sale in Holland were valued in 1913 at approximately $16,000,000. In 1917 their value had declined to less than $1,200,000. It seems probable that the war has ruined permanently the Dutch market for several of these colonial products.

Naturally, the cessation of this trade affected the public revenues. The customs duties declined from $6,800,000 in 1913 to $3,600,000 five years later.

The industries created by the war were, naturally, of a temporary and precarious character. In many cases they incurred losses that wiped out all their profits. Some navigation companies earned tremendous sums for a time; but though occasionally profits have been large, the merchant marine as a whole has declined through the loss of vessels destroyed or seized in the course of hostilities.

Holland's losses in other directions have also been serious. Take the single instance of the capital that disappeared in Russia — citizens of Holland owned Russian bonds to the value of well toward $400,000,000; Dutch private investments in Russian enterprises amounted to more than $60,000,000. All this capital has practically vanished. One of the best authorities, Professor Treub, former Minister of Finance, estimates Holland's total losses in Russia at $600,000,000.

Holland had very extensive investments in Germany before the war. Indeed, stocks and bonds in German and Austro-German enterprises were favorite investments. The losses in Hungary alone are exceedingly heavy.

Moreover, Germany was heavily indebted to Holland merchants who see their bills shrink to a fraction of their former value by the fall of exchange during the period when payments were postponed. The authority we have just quoted estimates that the total losses of Holland through the depreciation of credits and investments in Germany and Austro-Hungary totals $300,000,000.

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[*Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Liberal Daily), *December 30, 1919*]

ALSACE-LORRAINE IN RECONSTRUCTION

RECENTLY, the Strassburg *Neue Zeitung* concluded its account of the first session of the provincial Parliament with these words: 'An end now to these celebrations and festivities. The permanent happiness and welfare of our people depend entirely upon systematic productive labor.'

The provinces have already wasted too much time with these displays of national sentiment, and the heavy tasks of the political transition period and reconstruction rest with increasing heaviness upon them. A year ago, when a political era, in which the people of Alsace-Lorraine — as they now confidentially admit — had enjoyed great material prosperity, came to an abrupt end, they congratulated themselves on their good fortune at being able to step immediately into a new political era under the banners of a victorious power. Yes, the people of Alsace-Lorraine were very lucky. During German rule their wealth had multiplied; and when Germany's star waned they were welcomed under another favorable constellation. But history does not sell its favors so cheaply. Alsace-Lorraine soon discovered that it must pay a heavy fee for changing its allegiance and that where the sun shines brightest the shadows are also darkest. The people thought they had escaped high prices, privation, coal scarcity, curtailed transportation, declining credit, and falling exchange. However, they meet these familiar evils, somewhat mitigated, it is true, under the new government.

In addition, the country has its own peculiar hardships. First of all, the railway service has gone completely to pieces. Complaint after complaint is heard of this. 'The thing must stop. Our excellent railway system cannot be allowed to go headlong to ruin.' But it is not these surface inconveniences that are causing the most alarm to thoughtful people. They now ponder the future of the industries that have hitherto depended upon German management and technical skill. The most prosperous establishments in the country were under German control and direction. When they were confiscated their output rapidly declined and the prosperity of the neighboring business community was, of course, affected. As a result, the protest against the way this sequestration has been carried out is becoming clamorous. But this does not remedy the evil. As the sequestrated enterprises are liquidated a new difficulty arises. French private capitalists have hastened to acquire the most tempting iron, potash, petroleum, and coal properties and the works associated with them. The people of Alsace-Lorraine, traditionally attached to local interests, resent this bitterly and consider that they are being delivered over to the exploitation of French trusts and treated like a foreign colony.

Frenchmen are overrunning the country to the prejudice of local investors and native workingmen. A horde of French business agents has invaded the land, establishing new enterprises everywhere, very much as the Germans did at an earlier period. Local proprietors now see themselves obliged to take the same secondary position with regard to France that they previously were forced to take with regard to Germany. They are resisting this vigorously and are fighting the French expansion movement, which is greatly encouraged by the favor shown new comers by the

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authorities controlling the liquidation of sequestrated property. A member of the French Parliament from these provinces, who has always been one of the boldest champions of France in his district, recently stated to a reporter of *Petit Parisien:* 'The liquidation of sequestrated property is not being managed the way it should be. Favoritism has crept into the business. Some of the big German factories have been bought by powerful French companies, merely to destroy competition. The purchasers are carrying off the machinery and raw materials and closing the works. Recently, one hundred and fifty men in my district were thrown out of employment at one time by such measures.'

There is a second equally important aspect of this situation. How far will these immigrants from France be able to make a success of the former German establishments if they try to operate them? The good citizens of Alsace-Lorraine find themselves thrown entirely on their own resources to meet this threatened usurpation. They know they can get no help from without and that everything depends on their own efforts. They have been stimulated to additional initiative and enterprise by the emergency. New and unanticipated problems face them since supplies and machinery from Germany have been cut off. They are, therefore, taking measures to make the industries of their own province more self-contained.

They are favored in this by the fact that France now controls the west bank of the Rhine and, indeed, the entire valley. A project is now under way to develop hydro-electric power from the river between Strassburg and Basel; to improve Strassburg's position as the head of navigation on the Rhine; to supplant Mannheim as a distributing centre; to make Antwerp Strassburg's seaport, by obtaining privileges there as favorable as those enjoyed in parts of France; to shorten the water route between the two cities by a canal from the Maas and the Rhine, and to build great extensions to Strassburg's river port facilities including its coal pockets, so as to provide for handling ten million tons of merchandise a year. It is proposed also to construct large railway yards in immediate connection with the wharves and to establish markets with ample warehouse facilities for raw materials. The new proposals include founding a commercial university and a higher technical school. The people of Strassburg are energetically supporting these projects. Their argument is that if Strassburg is to hold its own and grow, it is absolutely necessary to carry out the above programme during the next few years. Unless it is done, Strassburg will lose even the advantages it enjoyed before the war.

So, the citizens of Alsace-Lorraine, while politically loyal to France, are determined to do everything in their power to avoid purchasing their new allegiance by the sacrifice of their economic prosperity. Should that prosperity be lost, the present leaders will eventually be called to task even for their political programme.

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Neue Freie Presse (Liberal Nationalist Daily), *November 9, 1919*]

PICTURES FROM SHIVERING VIENNA

BY LUDWIG HIRSCHFELD

ACTUAL freezing is reserved for later. For the present, we are only shivering. Winter is now an inconsiderate master. He pays no regard either to the calendar or to the wordy proclamations of our coal commissions, which warm nobody. If we could heat ourselves with words and official edicts we should have been comfortable long ago. Unfortunately, these official activities leave us cold. If, in spite of being personally congealed, we resort to fiery protests, the authorities smile calmly and refer to that beloved old excuse of theirs, the car shortage — and then attribute that to the fault of someone else. Everybody knows that nothing effective will be done. Regardless of the thermometer, our government boards will hold sessions and pass regulations while Vienna patiently shivers on. The whole city is now standing its first endurance test. Everyone must undergo it without respect to age, rank, or occupation. Everyone, whether at home or at his office, whether laboring or idle, is devoting himself to a frosty mockery of living, wrapped up in blankets, shawls, and sweaters, like a Laplander.

Our cold schoolrooms — that seems the most pitiful thing to us parents. To think of our children sitting in absolutely unheated schoolrooms, brave and resigned, and trying to learn as they shiver. But perhaps we exaggerate this situation. I talked with a young school lad about it. He was an eleven-year-old youngster, in the first class of the scientific course, but he was already a self-assured, alert young man. He says it's not so bad to sit in the schoolroom, with the temperature well below fifty, in an overcoat. So, the boys sit there bravely and patiently and actually learn something. In the geography period they can study about tropical countries. Their natural science lessons can treat of coal, calorics, domestic heating, and such things, although they must seem very unreal to the pupils. When it is exceedingly cold the class periods are cut in half and the morning session lasts only until ten o'clock. Such days they have the whole afternoon free, and may devote it either to study in their unheated homes or to playing football in the Prater. If the thermometer sinks to still lower depths, then they have 'coal vacations' and an opportunity to play football in the morning as well. The American Food Mission sees that the poor children, who cannot even get a plate of soup at home, have something to eat. This young man understood quite well the concern of his elders. Almost ever since he can remember, these questions of food and heating have been the principal topic of conversation in the family. He cannot recall when there was a better, fairer, and warmer world. To him the present hardships are the normal condition of life. In fact, he belongs to a new species that can get its lessons in a temperature well down toward zero, and after it gets still colder than that, plays football in the Prater. This young generation needed to learn such

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endurance, for there is little promise that the good old times will ever return to Vienna.

The café student — he comes from the country, is a stranger in Vienna, and lives in a furnished room that has no other comfort than the furniture. His landlord has refused to provide heat, light, and similar luxuries. How the student manages to feed and clothe himself from his modest income is a secret which he keeps to himself. It will surely exhaust his youthful vigor to survive the winter semester which is just beginning. He rises at six o'clock, makes his toilet in the chilly darkness, and drinks a cup of questionable tea. His lectures begin at seven. During the remainder of the forenoon he is attending various courses in rooms that are just a little better heated than outdoors, taking down notes with hands that are red and stiff with cold. He is eager to compete in endurance with the professor, who delivers his lecture in a fine, warm fur coat. It does not take long to devour the diminutive meal in the refectory or in some public kitchen. Then comes the afternoon which he uses to review the wisdom he has acquired in the morning. Properly to do this, he should have a comfortable study room, either private or in common with other students. Since there is no such provision, he resorts to that great asylum of male lodgers — the café. Oh, that it were the idyllic, Vienna café of yesterday! But now it is an ugly, smoky, barnlike place where people are constantly coming and going, noisy with the laughter of talkative business men and of women. Ordering a glass of tea, without other refreshment, the student spreads out his books and notes. Just as he has settled down to Kant's Metaphysics the waiter thrusts the glass of tea in front of him with the curt inquiry, 'No rolls?' Two smugglers are counting up their daily profits on a dinner plate. A neighbor coughs in his face and polishes his nails with a challenging look. The waiters regard with glances of unfathomable contempt a patron who takes nothing but intellectual nourishment. So he manages to spend three or four hours a day until it is time to return to his miserable lodgings — the dark, unheated furnished room. If he ever tries in the future to recall his school days as the golden age of youth, the only joyous memory he will be able to revive will be of a glass of tea sweetened with saccharin in a coffee house smelling of acetylene lamps.

Domestic life with a temperature of fifty degrees Fahrenheit — no matter how large your family, your heat allowance is fixed. You have been forced to reduce the number of rooms you occupy until you are now crowded into a little ante-room which enjoys the double advantage of diminutive dimensions and immediate proximity to the kitchen. It has the further convenience of being near the electric metre, so that the head of the family can rise every half hour and see how many hundred-watt minutes are still left on his ration, and whether it is already time to light his carbide lamp. All family life is concentrated in this little room. Father reads the newspaper and smokes what was left of his mid-day cigar, after supper. Mother plays a game of solitaire or worries over her household accounts. The two daughters show each other what they learned at the dancing school that afternoon, while the son protests vigorously that they are disturbing his studies, although, as a matter of fact, he is reading the interesting tale of 'Congo, the Lion Killer.' In order to warm up the cold and unpalatable supper, the good mother is at last

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obliged, after a violent argument, to make tea. This great family event quickly assembles everyone around the new patent quick-boiler. Although the cook vigorously protests against the desecration of her freshly washed tiles, the family immediately agrees that the kitchen is the most comfortable room in the whole house. There is nothing so fine as one's hearth, especially if you have a quick-boiler. Meantime, the last hundred-watt minute is exhausted and the electric light goes out. The carbide lamp also shows a disposition to strike. This speedily sends everyone to early repose. Only the good mother recalls things that have to be done, and prowls around in the darkness.

If this is the way we are living now, in the autumn, what must we expect when real winter is here, and our fuel rations are still lower? We can already sigh in anticipation of the way we shall then lament: 'Ah, how comfortable we were even last November!'

[*L'Echo de Paris* (Jingo-Clerical Daily), *January 12, 1920*]

GERMANY'S EMIGRATION PROBLEM

BY MAURICE BARRES

MILLIONS of Germans are on the point of leaving their native land. Eight millions of them, according to a recent statement by Charles Bonnefon, whose articles are always interesting and reliable, must emigrate in order that Germany may recover the economic and moral equilibrium necessary to a settled existence. They will be driven abroad by poverty and by political dissatisfaction. The government has no hope of arresting this exodus. Consequently, it has decided to organize and supervise it.

It is very important that we should appreciate and comprehend the tenacity with which Germany clings to its old ambitions. We must not despise that redoubtable genius which in some of its phases may serve to stimulate our own energies.

Emigration is an evil, according to the German Government. Since it is a necessary evil, let us take pains to direct it toward countries where it will promote our national interests. So the state immediately establishes an official emigration bureau. This bureau gives information to any German who wishes to expatriate himself, and publishes a bi-weekly bulletin. In addition, Scheidemann is the head of an institution for enrolling German soldiers in foreign armies and for organizing emigration. Last of all, an association is being formed to unite all the Germans residing, or proposing to reside, abroad and to protect their interests. What are the marching orders of these associations? What is the character of their advice to emigrants? Whither are they directing this human flood? The press and officials started out by advising the Germans to go to South America. They recommend a temporary emigration. They tell their people to come back with their money. They base this advice upon precise

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statements, far from complimentary to the lands where they will sojourn. (The governments of Latin America are incapable of developing their own natural resources without the assistance of the scientific knowledge, the technical ability, and the financial support of Germany. They must be prevailed upon to allot Germany a share in their public works and public utilities, furnish its people with land grants, and guarantee them a right to participate in legislation and public administration. If they refuse, then Germany must not hesitate to bring them to their senses. Brazil, the Argentine, and all South America — these 'coquette republics,' as Frederick Lange calls them — will listen to reason if you talk plainly.)

Such a manner of address may well inspire some distrust across the ocean. The government offices at Berlin, Hamburg, Frankfort, Dresden, Leipzig, and Kiel, are sending emigrants to the Argentine, and the Argentine Government engages to receive them at the wharves and transport them to their places of employment. Mexico, as well as Japan, is seeking to incorporate in its armies as many of Ludendorff's veterans as possible. Chili, Brazil, and Paraguay continue to receive emigrants. Nevertheless, the warmth of their reception is not quite the same as at first. Consequently, the German Government just now is exerting its influence rather in favor of Lithuania, Courland, Poland, and Russia.

The official publication from which we have just been quoting, urges emigrants to take with them to the Slav countries teachers and physicians, in order to strengthen their influence over the native population. It tells the German people that Russia needs engineers and skilled mechanics. According to its statement eighty thousand German unemployed could find remunerative work in Russia at once. A blanket contract is reported to have been made between the Soviet Government and the Colonizing Committee, 'Ost' of Leipzig, and submitted for the approval of the German Government. According to its terms the Soviets will give the German colonists land grants for collective cultivation, free passage, temporary exemption from military service and taxation, and fifty million rubles.

This system of emigration is perfectly logical, and agrees with the intentions definitely expressed a thousand times of encouraging Germany's expansion and extending its economic interests in Russia. Germany is following a policy the reverse of that adopted by the Entente and favorable at bottom to prolonging the rule of the Soviets. The representatives of the latter are very pressing in their solicitation of such German coöperation. The People's Economic Board of that government has offered the German Minister of Trade to resume economic relations with his government. The Bolshevist authorities promise to revoke the nationalization of movable and immovable property belonging to Germans, and to return them the lands they have confiscated from them. Furthermore, it offers Germany several timber, mining, and railway concessions, as well as the privilege of shipping goods in bond *via* Russia to Persia and India without paying duties.

German opinion is divided as to the methods to be adopted in the reconstruction of Russia, but is unanimous in its desire that Germany s[illegible] do this work. The people stand behind the government, in [illegible] to fortify the German elem[illegible] states separated from Ru[illegible] destroy in those governm[illegible] in-

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fluence of both the Bolsheviki and the Allies by associating itself first with one of these parties and then with the other. I do not suppose there is a single German who doubts for a moment but that the best method his country possesses for realizing its designs upon Russia is through the control and supervision of emigration.

'Very well,' the reader will say. 'There is nothing surprising or novel in these German manœuvres. They harmonize perfectly with the famous plan that William II proclaimed on January 18, 1896, in his speech upon the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the Empire: "Not to permit the nation to lose the loyalty and the economic support of those German emigrants which that country previously cast from it as a troublesome burden; to join to the patrimony of Germany every part of the globe, no matter how insignificant, where German colonists have made their home." Frederick the Great said that the destiny of his people was not bounded by the horizon of the German Empire; that its history, its civilization, and its native worth assured it high influence in the world at large.'

My dear readers, the Scheidemanns and Noskes continue to follow the road to which Frederick the Great and his successors pointed. To-day, government officials and leaders of public opinion in Germany are exhorting their fellow citizens to follow the same proud road of destiny, to take up the same mission of universal domination that the Empire proposed to them before 1914.

Has not the German soul changed, then? Are we to believe that, crippled as it is with wounds, it still seeks to press forward, and will resume its march toward the Germanization of the world as soon as it recovers strength?

[*Hamburger Nachrichten* (Conservative Daily), *December 24, 1919*]

A GERMAN IN THE ARGENTINE

BY SENIOR LIEUTENANT BERG

BUENOS AIRES

NEITHER in Holland nor in Spain, so far as I saw the latter country during the brief stop of the Frisia, was I able to detect traces of that enmity to the Germans, of which I had been warned so impressively by our folks at home. This happy experience has been repeated in the Argentine. During the few weeks that I have been here, I have become acquainted with [illegible] a number of the residents of the [illegible] Naturally during the war the same division of sympathy existed here as in other neutral countries. Indeed, at one time the sentiment hostile to Germany almost forced the government to break off relations with us. That incident killed many an ancient friendship, brought discord into the bosom of families, and, as an Argentine friend recently said, left the country with no citizens of its own, but mere pro-Germans and pro-Allies. This controversy resulted in some peculiar situations. One of my Ger-

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man friends is married to an Italian woman. His father-in-law comes from Piedmont and is, of course, a fanatical pro-German. His mother-in-law was born in Naples, and hates the Germans bitterly. Throughout the war these two have been unceasingly at swords' points with each other. The mother-in-law refused to enter the house of her German son-in-law and her pro-German daughter. However, the latter took that particular privation very philosophically.

But these passions are cooling off with a speed that is in proportion to their former intensity. The provisions of the treaty have shifted sentiment here as decidedly as in Holland. Everywhere I have been received with the utmost courtesy and kindness. The people are in every respect just as friendly and obliging as when I knew them before the war. This appears in private as well as official circles, from both of which I have received thoughtful attention and assistance. Some people have been so kind as to devote whole days to securing me an audience with men of high position and influence.

Of course the war sympathies of every man in public life are a matter of common knowledge. The governors of several of the principal provinces were consistently pro-German, and the press most widely read in these districts had the same sympathies. Since the provinces possess a high degree of autonomy under the constitution, elect their own legislators and governors, and are subject to the central government only in respect to a limited number of well-defined functions, the attitude of the provincial administrations was of decisive importance to German interests during the war. Some of the federal cabinet departments are also rated friendly to Germany. For instance, in one department nineteen out of twenty-five higher officials speak German, maintain direct relations with Germany, or are of German descent.

The black list created great hostility to the Allies. *Razón* recently published an article demanding a thorough investigation of the illegalities committed by the Entente representatives in its enforcement. That paper says: 'Certain consular and diplomatic agents of the Allies conducted themselves as if this were conquered territory, without any regard for the sovereign rights of our own government. They arbitrarily disposed at pleasure of the property and the good name of men who ventured to defy their anger or revenge. Not one of these consular representatives should be permitted to retain his post a moment, unless he can prove that his actions were not inspired by desire for personal profit or by bribery or malice, instead of by reasonable considerations for the interests of his government. Such an investigation will teach the foreign offices of the countries those people represented, how dishonorably the powers placed in their hands were exercised by officials as devoid of conscience as they were of true patriotism. To sum up the matter in a word, whether a name was entered or removed from the black list depended simply on the size of the bribe a man was willing to pay.' This is very outspoken language, and we watch to see whether the British Government, which the article exculpates from such actions, will undertake such an investigation. I doubt it.

A quite unanticipated phase of this subject was disclosed at the last general meeting of the Anglo-Argentine Tramways Company in London. The annual report showed a very large increase in operating charges without corresponding increase in

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This was explained by the fact that the Tramways bought their current from the German Electric Power Company, and that as a result of the black list the latter company had encountered unexampled difficulties in securing fuel, and ultimately had been obliged to burn wood, Indian corn, barley, and petroleum under its boilers. Consequently, the cost of current for the English company was correspondingly increased and a heavy deficit incurred. Dividends have stopped and the stockholders in London are cursing the black list.

A German visiting this country for the first time will be impressed by the fact that the Argentine people seldom have a regular profession or a settled career, such as we think necessary in our country. Rarely does a young man during his university course prepare to become a lawyer, physician, or engineer. The consequence is that the few who are really qualified to follow these professions stand in very high esteem. The title 'Doctor' is used here with extreme respect. People take up any vocation that offers without previous preparation, and are quite ready to shift to one that presents greater immediate advantages.

If I enter a business house to purchase some trifle, I must present myself to the salesman as ingratiatingly as if I were asking a great favor. The attitude of the latter is: 'It is not really my affair to interest myself in your trifling needs, but I'll take pity on you and as a mark of special consideration see that you obtain the toothbrush you want.'

But there is one business at which everybody is an expert, whether he does anything else or not. That is politics. You will find men who yesterday were running some small business, perhaps selling coal or oil or wool, who have acquired a tremendous influence in public affairs. They can do more for you than a cabinet minister. It is by no means easy to get an audience with such a man. I did finally secure an interview with the most powerful of these political bosses, but I had to use three intermediaries, each a more important man than his predecessor, and to devote a large amount of time to the matter. Finally, after waiting in his ante-room for three hours one evening, I had the privilege of speaking to him face to face. Although a young man, only thirty-three years old, he was already in Congress and was mentioned as a future president of the republic. He actually is a recognized power in the state at the present time.

Complaints that I have heard made against our German bureaucracy might be repeated of the Argentine. I have spent untold hours sitting in the easy chairs of ante-chambers, until I felt more familiar with them than with my own home, and I have learned what patience is. On only one occasion did I get an immediate interview with a cabinet officer. I was then presented by a member of the German Embassy, and my object was to secure official assistance for my mission. During the course of the interview the minister personally handed me a document I desired, with a few pleasant remarks. He added the wish that my reports might prevent Germans blindly emigrating to Argentina *en masse*, but that only those suitable for the country might come. Argentina could accommodate only people of special qualifications, who were industrious and thrifty and had some money, and who were inspired above all with love for law and order and a civic conscience.

In transmitting this message of the Argentine Minister of Public Works, I

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might add that anarchists, Spartacans, and their like will find most unfavorable soil for their agitation here. The Argentine Government handles such gentlemen without gloves, and as soon as it discovers that an immigrant is an agitator and a revolutionist, it promptly sends him back to his native country. If the man has become a citizen, he is promptly incarcerated, and care is taken to keep him under confinement indefinitely. The other South American governments are equally alert. At the time I write this, a conference of representatives of Argentina, Brazil, Paraguay, and Chile, is being held at Montevideo to devise a common programme for preventing the immigration of Bolsheviki.

[*The Anglo-French Review*]

FRENCH PEASANT AND FOREIGN SOLDIER

BY PERCY ALLEN

Not many months ago, being on temporary duty with the Third Australian Division, then quartered between the valleys of the Bresle and the Somme, in Picardy, I had opportunities, in the officers' mess, during walks with the padres, and in conversation with the men, to obtain a summary of Colonial opinion concerning the community among whom they were spending their last weeks in France. I was thus enabled also to compare the spirit of the stranger bound for home with that of the permanent inhabitants left behind.

The contrast was very striking, and not, on the whole, favorable to the French peasant. At the officers' mess, and among the Australian privates, I found myself the guest of a young nation, cheery, enthusiastic, eager, full of hope for the future both of themselves and of the great island home of which they were so proud, and to which they were longing to return.

Looking about me for some reflection, in the faces of the *indigènes*, of that heartening and beautiful optimism, I could detect little of it. I saw, rather, despondency, or, at best, a patient resignation. Only at intervals — and more often in the women, I thought, than in the men — did a sunny smile or a merry laugh reveal the bright, sane joy in life, that has been, and still is, the birthright of the Gaul.

This temporary depression may, of course, easily be accounted for: it is, indeed, natural. Though the dwellers in this valley of the Bresle, and the fair uplands to the east of it, have never suffered invasion, they have lived long within sound of the guns, and little more than a year ago had heard the tide of battle rolling up to their very gates. Only some thirty miles away, to the eastward, as the crow flies, begins the desolate region, more lonely than ruin, that 'devastated area' wherein you may travel, as I have traveled, for mile after mile, and see no living thing.

Such a fate having been so nearly

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theirs, little wonder that some sadness or shadow, as of lately impending death, still lies heavy upon the heart of Picardy. It is impossible that it should be otherwise — and yet, and yet, looking from those cheery 'Digger' faces about me to the forlorn and pensive countenances of Blangy peasants, one could not but detect there a hopelessness that war-weariness alone seemed not sufficiently to explain.

Was I wrong? Was the despondency, after all, no more than the passing sadness of farewell? For the Diggers were packing up. In a few days, or weeks at most, they would be gone — bag and baggage — whereby Gamaches, Blangy-sur-Bresle, and St. Maxent would be left lonely — and by 'lonely' I mean others than just Marie and Jeanne, who, perhaps, will feel it as much as any at first: I have in mind the community as a whole, old men and women, and especially the children.

Now that the Y.M.C.A. huts are vanishing, floor board by floor board, and pole by pole, what good thing shall take their place? There will be no more cinema shows in Bouillancourt, no more lectures, no more cozy sing-songs, on Sunday evenings, round the hut fire — good to listen to, though spoken in a foreign tongue — nor, next Christmas, will there be any magic fir-tree, all candle-lit and gift-laden, that gave the children the time of their lives. 'Il n'y aura plus de distractions,' murmurs Rosalie, the schoolmaster's daughter, dolefully, with moist eyes. 'Plus de distractions,' echo her young brothers, their pockets full of souvenirs from a demobolized tent. The roll of the tambour, whereby the Mayor announces that *réclamations* against the military must be lodged by Tuesday next, is a dirge to all, saving only those few mercenary-minded souls who take pleasure in extracting some last illicit francs from the armies to whom they owe almost their very lives.

There are, therefore, in the passing of the soldiers, immediate reasons for mournful apathy among the people of the Bresle. But then, again, looking once more from the young race to the old, from Australian hopefulness upon Frankish despondency, I doubted whether, after all, I had yet penetrated to the root of the trouble — whether there might not be, unhappily, some truth in the whispers I heard upon every hand, of the French peasants being an outworn and decadent race, disinclined to physical cleanliness, low down in the scale of morals and of manners. Had not a very intelligent villager, only the day before, at Vismes, told me that he deeply regretted the eight-hour working day, and wished it were back at twelve, 'because they only spend the odd four hours drinking in the cafés, and talking politics'? Had not a certain schoolmaster, last night, with a mournful shake of his old white head, taken his purse from his pocket and, tapping it with a lean forefinger, murmured: 'They think of nothing but that'?

I remembered, too, the figures I had read — appalling figures — in books by Reinach, Jacquet, and Maurevert, concerning alcoholism throughout the country in pre-war days, and the ravage done by the *bouilleurs de cru:* of the percentage of alcoholics — fifty-five in his part of the world — given to me two years ago by an *hôtelier* at St. Amand-sur-Cher. I recalled a remark, more striking than grammatical, made to me at about the same time, by a French *commis-voyageur* at La Châtre: 'C'est un pays je-m'en-fiché'; and, for a moment, I despaired for the lovely land that is the second *patrie* of every cultured man.

But only for a moment. Optimist that I am, and ever shall be, my mind

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returned in a flash to happier and truer thoughts of France. I remembered how M. Terracher had said to me: 'Le paysan français est toujours le fond du pays.' There came to me again a vision that had thrilled me a year before — when, in those critical weeks of the last great German onrush, I had seen a trainload of cornflower blue poilus passing battleward, as though to a wedding, with laughter and song, in the April sunshine, down the sordid street of Fontinettes (Calais). I remembered some epics of the *grandes heures* — 'Debout les morts!' and the post card, endorsed 'Passeront-pas,' sent to me from Bourges by my friend, Jean Rameau, in the days of Verdun's indomitable defense.

There came to me, concerning France, a phrase — I forget whose — 'la plus grande force morale qui soit au monde.' Then I began to realize again a fact which I should have held to from the first, that France, broken already 'to every known mischance,' will overcome this disaster, as she has in turn triumphed over every other in her marvelous and eventful history. How is the feat to be accomplished? To attempt a categorical answer would be presumptuous; but a remark or two may be pardoned.

'Le fond du pays' is, as we have seen, the French cultivator and peasant. He is, in M. Chauveau's phrase, 'la force et le rempart de la France rayonnante'; he numbers — or did number before the war — some forty-seven per cent of the population; and he is the great material producer, at a time when the primary physical need of every nation is to bring forth abundantly. France, therefore, must begin with him: she must bring him, the cultivator, in numbers, back to the land; she must make him as happy upon it as she may be able, in a difficult world, and she must, moreover, encourage him, in every possible way, to fulfill the divine law, that he shall multiply and replenish the earth, until a grateful earth, in return, shall multiply and replenish both him and her.

That process, in this case, as in every other, must be, first, a mental or metaphysical one. France must engender again, in the minds of her agricultural population, those qualities — perhaps now, to some extent, dormant through war weariness — of which this calamity has fully proved the continued existence — I mean, love for the native soil, and determination to find upon it the secret of a happy, useful, and prosperous existence.

That this can be done by no waving of a magician's wand, we are all fully aware. Education only can accomplish it — education and more education — and always more education; in the family, in the school, in the Lycée, through the press, from the platform, and, perhaps, from the pulpit, too; until each little effort shall have leavened thoroughly the lump.

In Rosalie's simple lament, already quoted, 'Il n'y aura plus de distractions,' there was much significance. Is the French rural community not to be provided henceforth, and soon, with something that shall replace what has been taken away — is there to be no village hall, no hut, no place of meeting, nor of recreation, that shall compete with the cabaret and the café; no topic of discussion that can challenge and silence the pettiness of political party strife? Among the many benefits, as yet unforeseen, that may arise from the presence of the Allied armies upon French soil, we shall, I believe, one day number this — a boon in which England equally may share — that it brought urgently to public notice the necessity for a reconstruction and renewal of village life, by the introduction into it of organized facili-

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ties for education and rational pleasure, as by circulating libraries, cinemas, boy-scout and kindred movements, including sports, excursions, social debates, and other diversions, intellectual and physical, hitherto undreamed of by the most progressive municipality.

Cottages, also, and the hygiene of the farmhouse, must be improved. Many a time, after I had extolled the French race before an audience of Australian soldiers, one of my hearers would tackle me in some such fashion as this: 'We agree, in the main, with what you say, sir; but is that sort of thing necessary? Look there!' He would point, with outstretched arm, into the courtyard of the farmhouse across the way. I look, and see in the centre of it a large, smoking dung-heap, upon and about which the fowls are sitting or scratching, while beside it stands a small wooden erection, presumably a fowl house, whereon is scrawled in white chalk 'Ici couche le fiancé de Marie'— Marie being the rubicund, tousle-headed farm girl, a minor celebrity of the village. The legend was, no doubt, apocryphal, but the dung-heap was not; and I conclude that many such subjects of foreign criticism call for amendment, before we shall have later, and lesser, Bussy-Rabutins writing to their urban Sévignés: 'Faites-vous exiler, bēlle cousine, vous y gagnerez.'

These improvements — the metaphysical ones, especially — will all take time. The immediate physical necessity, meanwhile, is to augment twofold the productivity of the soil. For that purpose France must endeavor to increase her population generally, and to attract more men and women from the cities and industrial districts to the lands. Many means of obtaining them have been proposed, in addition to those touched upon above. M. Mazel, for example, suggests the endowment of parentage, a succession tax on small families, better organized care of expectant and young mothers, more encouragement of immigration, and so forth. Such devices are, perhaps, desirable as aids; but I doubt whether they go to the root of the matter. History, it seems to me, rather bears out Dean Inge's theory, that, in principle, increase of population can be brought about only by increase of food supply, and not increase of food supply by increase of population. Human beings are not readily enticed, either by birth or immigration, into a half-starved and ill-provided community.

We are thrown back, therefore, upon the necessity for a greatly increased production of foodstuffs, without a much larger rural community to do the work. The extra output must be achieved by the closer application of science to, and the industrialization of, agriculture, by coöperation and standardization, and especially by the development of moto-culture. There must be also, it seems to me, some decentralization — a rational encouragement of the regionalist movement — and the granting to more officials, outside Paris, of *the right to make a decision.*

Riding the other day, on the Colonel's horse, from Bouillancourt to Vismes, with an Australian officer more versed than myself in agricultural problems, we discussed the subject.

'It is like this,' he said: 'the French must absolutely adopt more economical methods of carrying on. Every morning, for instance, on the way from my billet, I pass a bit of pasture where a small boy is watching cattle. They had better fence in that pasture, and set the boy free for productive work. Moreover, they must go in everywhere for moto-culture, and use

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the eight-furrow plough, as we do out there.'

'But,' I objected, 'such schemes need close coöperation; and, given the French system of comparatively small holdings, and the multiple division of the land — one hundred and fifty millions of scattered parcels owned by eight and one half million proprietors or thereabouts — the task of reorganization must be very complex and delicate.'

'I know it; and unless the peasants throughout France generally learn to trust one another much more than they do hereabouts, the task is almost impossible. Yet, somehow or other, sooner or later, it has got to be done.'

The Australian's remarks, surely — especially that concerning trust — were to the point. Backbiting, *médisance*, suspicion, have formed in the past, and do still make up, part of the horror of French small town and village life.

The workmen must be taught, little by little, that their foes are neither capital nor machinery, but wrong ways of thinking and of living; that by giving the minimum of labor for the maximum of wage they are serving neither their country's interests nor their own; but that, on the contrary, with the increase of the country's productivity their own prosperity is indissolubly bound up. Employers, in their turn, must realize more fully that good conditions of employment and adequate salaries, far from being harmful drains upon their businesses, are, in fact, the only guaranties of permanent success. France, in short, needs, as we all do, more realization of the unity of good, more collective enlightenment of the wider sort, that sane and bridled idealism which may be called practical wisdom.

That wisdom the individual Frenchman possesses in a remarkable degree. No country has ever begotten more lucid thinkers; but as M. de Launay — developing somewhat Chateaubriand's *mot* concerning his compatriots — individual and *en corps* — has well said, 'Chez le français, être sociable qui recherche le contact de ses semblables, la mentalité collective joue un grand rôle, et réagit jusque sur la mentalité solitaire.' This is a danger against which France must guard. By the due suppression of gregarious and unreasoned enthusiasms, 'il faut ramener leur mentalité collective à leur mentalité individuelle.' That precaution taken, our neighborland, as M. Biard d'Aunet puts it, 'n'a encore qu'à vouloir. Si elle veut, elle peut tout espérer.'

That she will so desire, and thus fulfill, and more than fulfill, her largest aspiration, we may — despite seeming portents in Picardy — be confident. Great indeed are her problems of instruction and of reconstruction; greater, perhaps, — because of weariness, — than those of defense and destruction have been. But, as Bossuet said, 'Quand Dieu efface, c'est qu'il se prépare à écrire.' War, metaphysically considered, is but the self-destruction of error. By destroying the immoral materialism upon which our industrial world was endeavoring to base a false prosperity, the disaster, as seen from that point of view, has cleared, not cumbered, our way. Henceforth we know more certainly that the social question is, at bottom, a moral one.

France, in this work of preparing a wider future for the world, has suffered past telling; she has lived — and died — up to her noblest and most prodigal traditions of national self-sacrifice. Should any Frenchman, therefore, challenge, upon her behalf, the value of that sacrifice, relatively to its cost in the flower of French manhood, I would answer:

O soldier saint,
No work begun shall ever pause for death.

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[*The New Statesman*]

THE TREASURE BOX

BY ROBERT GRAVES

Ann in chill moonlight unlocks
Her polished, brass-bound treasure box,
Draws a soft breath, prepares to spread
The toys around her on the bed.
She dips for luck, by luck pulls out
A silver pig with ring in snout,
The kind that Christmas puddings yield;
Next comes a painted nursery shield
Boy-carved; and then two yellow gloves,
A Limerick wonder that Ann loves,
Leather so thin and sewn so well
The pair fold in one walnut-shell.
Here's patchwork that her sister made
With antique silk and flower brocade,
Small faded scraps in memory rich,
Joined each to each with feather-stitch;
Here's cherry and forget-me-not
Ribbon bunched in a great knot;
A satin purse with pansies on it,
A Tudor prince's christening bonnet;
Old Mechlin lace minutely knit,
Some woman's eyes went blind by it;
And Spanish broideries that pinch
Three blossomed rose-trees to the inch;
Here are Ann's brooches, simple pins,
A Comet brooch, two Harlequins,
A Posy; here's a great resplendent
Dove-in-bush Italian pendant;
A Chelsea gift-bird; a toy whistle;
A halfpenny stamped with the Scots thistle;
A Breguet watch; a coral string;
Her mother's thin-worn wedding ring;
A straw box filled with hard smooth sweets;
A book, *The Poems of John Keats;*
A chessman; a pink paper rose;
A diary dwindling to its close
Nine months ago; a worsted ball;
A patch-box; a stray match — that's all.
All? no! for slowly Ann unties
The packet where her heartache lies.
Watch her lids move, she slants a letter
Up toward the moon to read it better
(The moon may master what she can).
R stands for Richard, A for Ann,
And L for — what? But the moon blinks
And softly from the window shrinks.

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[*L'Humanite*]

THE CHILD AND THE TOY

BY FREDÈRIC BOUTET

THE gift which Pierre's godfather sent to him every year arrived as usual between Christmas and the New Year.

It was an immense box, quite wonderfully wrapped up, and bearing the name and address of a famous toy shop. It was addressed to Pierre personally, but the child, though wild with curiosity, knew that it would be useless to ask that it be given to him at once. He must resign himself to wait until his father returned from his office, and was ready to undertake the solemn rite of opening the package.

At six o'clock, his father, a methodical and somewhat cross-grained government clerk, arrived. When he had washed his hands, kicked off his shoes, and put on slippers, he put the great box on the dining room table and calmly began to undo the knots of the cord.

The gift was an aeroplane, a magnificent toy, with large wings, a compressed air motor, and aluminum body. An enclosed note explained the method of making it fly. There was an impressive silence. Pierre stood with his mouth open, drunk with joy.

'It must have cost at least one hundred francs,' said the father.

'It is crazy to spend so much on a *gamin*,' said Pierre's elder sister enviously.

'I have never seen anything so princely,' said Pierre's mother, a large, active woman. She turned to her husband and added, 'You must take care, Leon, when you are tying the package together again. It will have a magnificent effect.'

Pierre trembled as this enigmatic phrase drew him from his dream of joy. He lifted an anxious little face. His mother put on a grave, easy, and well-meaning air.

'My little Pierre,' said she, 'you are aware of the sacrifices which we are making to bring you up. Now you can make a sacrifice for us. Your father, who has great capacities, occupies a situation quite unworthy of him. M. Paytre, his chief, may try to advance him. Moreover, he invites us to his receptions. We owe him a return. He has a son of your age, Edmond, whom you have seen at the Tuileries. Well, we are going to offer him the present which your godfather has sent. And, after all is said and done, what could you do with it? One cannot fly a toy aeroplane in a fifth-floor apartment, and I never have time to take you out. Your godfather will know nothing about it because he comes to Paris only in the springtime; when he arrives, he will have forgotten all about it. I am sure, my little son, that you are happy to do this for us.'

She paused, waiting for an answer, but if Pierre was happy, he did not say so. His little face grew tense, and suddenly he burst into convulsive sobs.

His father grew angry. 'Ah, now! No scenes! That is all there is to it. Your mother is very good, too good, to explain it to you.'

'He is old enough to understand,' said the mother. 'He must be taught

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the necessities of life and his duties toward his parents. I really awaited a disinterested gesture. You hurt me, Pierre. Can it be that you are selfish?'

Pierre continued to sob. His parents exchanged a displeased look. His sister shrugged her shoulders. He could not eat. And because he could not eat, he was sent to bed.

In bed he cried as he had never cried before. His godfather's gift was the only real gift that he ever received. As he had had the bad luck to be born on the twenty-sixth of December, and his parents were not rich, he was never given anything but useful articles. On New Year's he was given a cap, or some shirts, or a pair of boots, or, worst of all, some school books or a pencil box. Sometimes an uncle or an aunt would send a hypocritically instructive book such as *The Perfect Little Historian*, or *My Début as a Calculator*, childish compilations full of happy stratagems for luring children into the forest of knowledge. But Pierre never appreciated these jokes.

Pierre's godfather was a distant cousin who lived in Normandy. Being rich and a bachelor, all the family fought for his good will. He was friendly and generous, but rather sensitive, and when he came to Paris for the yearly Agricultural Show, he was the object of an extraordinary assault of various amiabilities. Pierre's parents, because of their son's relation to this rich godfather, considered their claim on him to be the greatest. The Norman was fond enough of his little godson, and every year sent him a very costly toy. Pierre, naturally enough, was not allowed to touch them, for he smashed everything put into his hands, and his mother sagely kept them for wiser years. But as he was a good reasoner, even for a child, he often asked himself why he was considered destructive when nothing was ever given him which he could break. As for the toys, they were locked in a wardrobe and shown to envious visitors. Their splendor gave him importance and pride. He talked about them to his little comrades.

Now the immense joy of the year was to be taken away from him and put into the hands of another. He might even see it in the other's hands. So rending was this thought that he almost arose and destroyed the aeroplane. But he did not dare to, and fell into a sleep full of hopeless nightmares. On the following day the aeroplane, carefully packed up again, disappeared, and on the following Sunday at breakfast Pierre's father received a letter which he opened with an important air. He reddened with pleasure.

'Here,' said he to his wife, 'read this.' She took the letter and exclaimed, 'Of course, they were enchanted.' It was a splendid present. Your promotion — it is exactly as if it had been announced.

The sound of the doorbell cut short the exclamations. In the hall a deep, friendly voice was heard questioning the servant.

'They are in? So much the better.'

Pierre's mother changed color. 'It is his godfather,' she murmured in a shocked voice.

Her husband stood up, livid. 'Impossible,' he said. But the Norman was already at the door, his face shining with a friendly smile. For the first time in years he had come in to Paris to spend the holidays with his relatives. Pierre's mother, however, was not daunted. After the first effusions she bent down to the boy and said imperatively, 'The aeroplane — say that you broke it.'

She then said aloud, 'Pierre's toy. You are too good. Really, you will spoil him. What do you think has

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happened? We did not have the courage to take it away from him; he was so happy playing with it. Yes, you do well to cry.'

'Well, what did he do with it?' The godfather, astonished and somewhat defiant, stared at Pierre and waited for the truth. Pierre raised his eyes. He had been enjoying the satisfaction of his righteous rancune, but as he saw the looks of anguish which both his parents turned upon him, and recalled the words of his mother, emotion tore his soul apart. He would show that they could count upon him.

'It is broken. It was n't my fault. Yes, by the window. I wanted to make it go. It fell into the street. A motor truck came along.'

He talked fast, inventing his story as he did so, and he sobbed with all his heart, for the aeroplane was really lost to him. The godfather was convinced. The despair of the child softened him. His displeasure faded away.

'Bah!' said he. 'Stop crying. Toys are made only to be broken. The next time I 'll send you something good and strong.' Then he went out with Pierre's father, while Pierre remained alone with his mother. She looked at him a long minute without saying a single word, and then, still silent, ended it all by taking him to her room and washing his tear-stained face.

[*The London Mercury*]

SHELLEY AND HIS PUBLISHERS

BY ROGER INGPEN

SHELLEY'S transactions with his publishers were numerous; the books of no great English poet, and certainly none whose literary career at the most extended for not more than thirteen years, can have borne the names of so many separate firms. Until he placed his poems in the hands of the Olliers, almost every book was issued by a new publisher. Everyone of his works was a failure, and only one went into a second edition; his wide fame as a poet was entirely posthumous.

Although none of Shelley's publishers was sufficiently interested to repeat the experience of issuing a second book by him, he was not discouraged by this want of sympathy. He continued until the end to write and to print his works at his own expense, and, if possible, to find publishers for them. In the absence of a publisher he issued them himself. He began and ended by verse writing, but in the interval his work was varied enough, comprising novels, drama, philosophy, satire, religious polemics, and politics.

In recalling some facts connected with Shelley's literary enterprises a curious repetition of names and incidents will be noticeable. There were two separate publishers of the name of Stockdale with whom he treated, one

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in Pall Mall and the other in Dublin. There was an Eton and an Eaton, the former a printer in Dublin, and the latter the publisher of the Third Part of Paine's *Age of Reason*, on behalf of whom Shelley wrote his *Letter to Lord Ellenborough*. Stockdale, of Pall Mall, and Munday, of Oxford, both listened with astonishment to his unrestrained conversation on matters of religion, and endeavored to lead him into an orthodox frame of mind. His boyish appearance and engaging enthusiasm undoubtedly made a strong appeal to them. There was a prolonged similarity in the fate of some of his early productions. Practically the whole edition of the *Victor and Cazire* volume was destroyed at the author's request, and *The Necessity of Atheism* and the *Letter to Lord Ellenborough* shared a like fate, though without Shelley's consent.

In the year 1809 Shelley and his cousin, Tom Medwin, wrote a poem in the style of Scott's narrative verse on *The Wandering Jew*. It was sent to Scott's publisher, Ballantyne, of Edinburgh, who replied that it was 'better suited to the character and liberal feelings of the English than the bigoted spirit' which the writer declared 'yet pervades many cultivated minds in this country. Even Walter Scott is assailed on all hands at present by our Scotch spiritual and evangelical magazines and institutions for having promulgated atheistical doctrines with *The Lady of the Lake*.' This astonishing statement was evidently an excuse for declining *The Wandering Jew*, which found no publisher during Shelley's lifetime. He was, however, at that date busily occupied with his novel *Zastrozzi*, which he offered to Longmans. He may have been drawn to that firm as the publishers of a romance, which he is said to have admired and, indeed, to have imitated in *Zastrozzi*, entitled *Zofloya, or the Moor*, by Mrs. Byron, or Charlotte Dacre, better known by her pseudonym, Rosa Malilda.

Although rejected by Longmans, *Zastrozzi* was published while Shelley was still at Eton by another Paternoster Row firm, Wilkie and Robinson. We are told that the young author received £40 or £50 for the book, apparently the only money he ever earned by his pen, which sum he spent in providing a farewell banquet to twelves of his schoolfellows.

There is a tradition that Shelley's grandfather, Sir Bysshe, paid for the printing at Horsham of some of the boy's earliest writings, but apparently none of these efforts has survived. Local printing offices seem to have had an attraction for Shelley; we shall see later that he printed books at Dublin, Barnstaple, Oxford, Leghorn, and Pisa.

Shelley's selection of Worthing, rather than Horsham, for his next venture may have been determined by his desire for secrecy. He made a selection of seventeen poems by himself and his sister Elizabeth with the title of *Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire*, and put it into the hands of C. and W. Phillips, of Worthing. A daughter of the printer, 'an intelligent, brisk young woman,' was the active member of the firm, with whom Shelley was on very good terms. Shelley took great interest in the technical side of the business, and spent hours in the printing office learning typesetting. Some months later when at Oxford he had occasion to find a printer for his pamphlet, *The Necessity of Atheism*, he again resorted to Messrs. Phillips, who both printed and added their names to the tract. When Shelley got into trouble in connection with *The Necessity*, his father's solicitors drafted a letter warning the printers of an im-

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pending prosecution, and recommending them not to proceed with the printing of any manuscripts that they might have by Shelley. Apparently the letter was never sent, and no prosecution was instituted against the printers, as Munday, the Oxford bookseller, who had been an unwilling agent in selling the pamphlet, sent a similar warning to them.

Before the printing of the *Original Poetry of Victor and Cazire* was completed, Shelley called on J. J. Stockdale, a publisher in Pall Mall, and persuaded him to publish the volume. Stockdale was a man with a doubtful past, who had issued a good deal of verse on commission for obscure verse writers, besides the scandalous *Memoirs of Harriette Wilson*. In later years he described, in *Stockdale's Budget*, a curious publication which is to be seen in the British Museum, how he received 1480 copies of the *Original Poetry*, and how he discovered, after some of them had been sent out to the press, that the volume contained a poem by M. G. Lewis. On inviting Shelley to explain this circumstance, the poet 'expressed the warmest resentment at the imposition practised upon him by the coadjutor,' and instructed Stockdale to destroy all the remaining copies; only three or four are now known to have survived.

In the meantime Stockdale had undertaken to revive and publish Shelley's second novel, *St. Irvyne: or, the Rosicrucian*. The author's expectation to get at least £60 for this romance from Robinson, the publisher of *Zastrozzi*, was not realized, as the terms arranged with Stockdale were that the book should be published at the author's expense. The publisher mournfully recorded the fact some years later that the romance did not sell, and that he was never paid for the printer's bill. While *St. Irvyne* was going through the press Shelley used to call at Stockdale's shop. The publisher became alarmed at the tone of Shelley's conversation, and, in the hope that his intentions would be well received, he communicated his suspicions to Shelley's father. Mr. Timothy Shelley, however, only snubbed Stockdale for his pains. Shelley was furious at the interference, and all hopes of obtaining a settlement of his bill vanished.

When Mr. Timothy Shelley took his son up to Oxford in October, 1810, he called with him at the shop of Munday & Slatter, the booksellers, where he advised him to get his supplies of books and stationery. Then, turning to the bookseller, he said, 'My son here has a literary turn, he is already an author, and do pray indulge him in his printing freaks.' A month later Shelley took some of his verses to Munday, who agreed to publish them. His friend Hogg saw the proofs and, ridiculing their intended sincerity, suggested that with some corrections they would make burlesque poetry. Shelley somewhat reluctantly agreed, and the verses were altered to fit the title of *The Posthumous Verses of Margaret Nicholson*, edited by her nephew, John Fitzvictor. The lady in question was a mad washerwoman, who had attempted the life of George III in 1786, and was in 1810 still an inmate of Bedlam, though nominally dead as far as the world was concerned.

The fictitious nephew Fitzvictor was apparently a son of the Victor who had but recently collaborated with the peccant Cazire. When Shelley informed the bookseller that he had changed his mind about publishing, and showed him the altered verses, Munday was so pleased with the idea that he offered to publish the book on his own account, promising secrecy and as many gratis copies as

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might be required. The book was issued as a bold quarto, and it became the fashion, says Hogg, among gownsmen to be seen reading it in the High Street, 'as a mark of nice discernment of a delicate and fastidious taste in poetry and the very criterion of a choice spirit.' Shelley was frequently in Munday & Slatter's shop, where he was in the habit of talking on his favorite subjects. The booksellers, like Stockdale, became uneasy at the tone of his conversation and endeavored to reason with him. Failing to make any impression, they persuaded him to meet a Mr. Hobbes, for whom they afterwards published a poetical work called *The Widower*. Mr. Hobbes undertook 'to analyze Shelley's arguments, and endeavored to refute them philosophically.' But Shelley was not convinced; he declined to reply in writing to Mr. Hobbes's arguments, and declared that he would rather meet any or all of the dignitaries of the Church than one philosopher.

If Mr. Hobbes's arguments were no better than his verses, Shelley was fully justified in his objections. Mr. Slatter, who has left a record of these facts, tells us that when some months later Shelley strewed the windows and counters of Munday's shop with copies of *The Necessity of Atheism*, which he had caused to be printed by his Worthing friends, the Phillips, he instructed their shopman to sell the pamphlet as fast as he could at a charge of sixpence each. The result was magical. Mr. Walker, Fellow of New College, dropped into the shop and examined the tract and drew the booksellers' attention to its dangerous tendency. They resolved to destroy the copies, and promptly made a bonfire of them in the back kitchen. Shelley's expulsion from the University followed in due course.

Shelley's activities in Dublin, in February and March, 1812, made it necessary for him to employ a printer, or printers, for his two pamphlets, *An Address to the Irish People* and *Proposals for an Association of Philanthropists*, but neither of these tracts bore the name of a publisher, and there are no details forthcoming of the circumstances connected with their production. Shelley, however, placed a collection of his poems in the hands of a firm of Dublin printers, Messrs. R. and J. Stockdale, but they refused to proceed with the book until they were paid, and it was never issued. The manuscript was recovered after Shelley left Dublin, and remained unprinted for seventy years, until Professor Dowden included some selections from it in his *Life of Shelley*.

I can find no record of when or how Shelley first met Thomas Hookham, but his earliest published letter to him, July 29, 1812, was evidently preceded by others that have not been preserved. Hookham's Library was an old-established business in Old Bond Street, and about the year 1811 Thomas Hookham the younger and his brother Edward started publishing on their own account at their father's address. They issued the second edition of Peacock's *The Genius of the Thames* and *The Philosophy of Melancholy*, and Hogg's novel, *Memories of Prince Alexy Haimatoff*, of which Shelley subsequently wrote a review. Shelley sent Thomas Hookham copies of his *Letter to Lord Ellenborough*, which he had printed at Barnstaple, but the tract shared the same fate as *The Necessity of Atheism*, and was destroyed by the printer as a dangerous publication. One copy was preserved by Hookham, the only one now known to exist; it is in the Bodleian Library.

In March, 1813, when Shelley was in Dublin for the second time, he sent

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Hookham the manuscript of *Queen Mab*, and added that he was preparing the notes to be printed with the poem, which was to be long, philosophical, and anti-Christian. 'Do not,' he said, 'let the title page be printed before the body of the poems. I have a motto to introduce from Shakespeare and a preface. I shall expect no success. Let only 250 copies be printed in a small neat quarto, on fine paper, and so as to catch the aristocrats. They will not read it, but their sons and daughters may.' Nothing further seems to be known about the printing of the poem. It was issued as a small octavo, with a title page bearing the name of Shelley as author as well as printer, and the address of his father-in-law, 23 Chapel Street, Grosvenor Square.

The late Mr. Edward Hookham, Thomas Hookham's nephew, stated that *Queen Mab* was the cause of Shelley's quarrel with Hookham. A coolness was certainly evident between the poet and the publisher after Shelley came to London in 1813. *Queen Mab* may have been placed in the printer's hands before Hookham saw the notes, and when he saw them he probably declined to go on with the book or allow it to bear his name. But Shelley's connection with Hookham, which previous to this rupture had been friendly, was not entirely severed, for Hookham's imprint, with Ollier's, appears on *The History of a Six Weeks' Tour*, 1817. Thomas Hookham was a cultivated and well-read man and the author of an anonymous little record of foreign travel which he undertook during the same year as Shelley's visit to the Continent, and published as *A Walk through Switzerland in September*, 1816. He is said to have written the *Shelley Memorials*, which is described on the title page as by Lady Shelley, the wife of Shelley's son. Thomas Hookham's brother, Edward, was the friend and correspondent of Thomas Love Peacock, whose letters to him have been lately printed.

The Vindication of Natural Diet, Shelley's vegetarian tract, was reprinted in 1813 from one of the notes to *Queen Mab*. As the text of the pamphlet differs in some respects from that as given with the poem, it is evident that Shelley was responsible for the reprint, which was issued by J. Calow, a medical bookseller in Soho. Nothing, however, is known of the circumstances connected with the publication of this tract, and there are no references to it in Shelley's published correspondence.

John Murray was not one of Shelley's publishers, but he had some correspondence in 1816 with the Great Cham of Albemarle Street. In his first letter he described himself as 'a total stranger' and offered Murray the publication of *Alastor*, of which he had printed 250 copies at his own expense. The offer was declined, and the book was subsequently published by two firms, Baldwin, Craddock & Joy, of Paternoster Row, and Carpenter & Son, of Old Bond Street. In the summer of that year Shelley was in Switzerland with Byron, who requested him to correct and see through the press the third canto of *Childe Harold* and *The Prisoner of Chillon*. Shelley brought the manuscript of the *Childe* with him to England, and when he saw Murray he reminded him that he wished to see the proofs. From a later letter it appears that Murray announced the poems without sending the proofs to Shelley, who at once wrote urging him to carry out Byron's request.

The names of the Olliers, Shelley's last publishers, first appear on the title page of his Hermit of Marlow pamphlet, *A Proposal for Putting Reform to the Vote throughout the Kingdom*,

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1817. This tract must have been one of the first publications of Charles and James Ollier to bear their imprint, for they commenced business at 3 Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, in the year 1817. The Ollier family was of French descent, but they had been settled in the west of England for many years. Charles Ollier, Shelley's correspondent in his negotiations with the firm, was born at Bath in 1788, came up to London and entered a banking house. At an early age he showed a liking for literature, and developed a taste for collecting and reading old books. He subsequently became an author and the friend of authors, among whom was Leigh Hunt, who probably introduced him to Shelley. Ollier and Hunt were both devoted to the theatre and to music. Hunt addressed his verses, 'A Thought on Music: suggested by a Private Concert, May 13, 1815,' to Ollier, who published some volumes of Hunt's poetry.

One of the earliest of the Olliers's publications was Keats's first volume of *Poems*, 1817. The book, unhappily, was not well received, and Keats, who attributed its want of success to the neglect of his publishers, took his next volume, *Endymion*, to another firm. The Olliers published besides Lamb's works in two volumes, 1818, and Ollier's own stories, *Altham and His Wife* and *Inesilla*, all of which are mentioned in the letters printed below. Shelley followed up his pamphlet with a more ambitious venture, namely, *Laon and Cythna*, which he printed at his own expense, and arranged for it to be published jointly by Sherwood, Neeby & Jones, and the Olliers. Before the book was published, but after some copies had been sent out, Ollier discovered in the poem certain passages which he regarded as too frank for circulation, at least by his hands. Shelley agreed, though not without some vigorous protests, to tone down the offending expressions, and the book was issued, with the names of the Olliers alone, as *The Revolt of Islam*.

The correspondence relating to this and other matters has been published, but the following letters to Ollier have not, so far as I am aware, been printed, except portions of the first and last. Ollier apparently kept all the letters that he received from Shelley, but when Mrs. Shelley asked for the use of them, he declined on the score that they were valuable to him and he had been offered no money.

To conclude these remarks on Ollier, it may be mentioned that he also published for Shelley *The Cenci*, second edition (1821), *Rosalind and Helen* (1819), *Prometheus Unbound* (1820), *Epipsychidion* (1821), and *Hellas* (1822). He also issued a publication called *Ollier's Literary Miscellany* (1820), to which Peacock contributed an essay on Poetry. This essay prompted Shelley to write as a reply his eloquent *Defense of Poetry*, which was intended for a later issue, but the first was the only number issued. The Olliers abandoned publishing in 1822, the year of Shelley's death. Their want of success was attributed to a lack of business capacity on the part of the partners and insufficient capital.

To Charles Ollier

[Great Marlow], *March 14, 1817.*

Dear Sir: Be so kind as to let the Books I ordered (so far as you have completed them) to be sent together with my prints immediately — by the Marlow Coach.

Mr. Hunt has, I believe, commissioned you to get me a *proof* impression of a print done from a drawing by Harlowe of Lord Byron: I said that it should be framed in oak, but I have

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changed my mind and wish it to be finished in black.

How does the pamphlet sell?

Dear sir, yours very truly,

P. B. SHELLEY.

Send in addition Mawe's *Gardening Calendar*.

MARLOW, *April 23, 1817*.

Mr. Shelley requests Messrs. Ollier will have the goodness to send the books and the little pictures as soon as they can.

In great haste,

BAGNI DI LUCCA, *June 28, 1818*.

DEAR SIR: I write simply to request you to pay ten pounds on my account to a person who will call on you, and *on no account* to mention my name. If you have no money of mine still pay it at all events and cash the enclosed at the bank.

Ever most truly yours,

P. B. SHELLEY.

The person will bring a note without date signed A. B.

It is of so great consequence that this note should be paid that I hope if there is any mistake with Brookes you will pay it for me, and if you have none of mine in your hands, that you will rely on my sending it you by return of Post.

[Postmark] F. P. O., *Se[p.] 1, 1818*.

DEAR SIR: Oblige me by honoring a draft of £20 that will be presented to you signed A. B. If there should be any mistake with the bankers it shall be rectified by return of Post, but I earnestly intreat you to pay the draft.

Of course these letters are put to my account.

Sir, yours very truly,

PERCY B. SHELLEY.

I had just sealed my other letter when I discovered the necessity of writing again.

Probably *August 20 to 24, 1819*.

DEAR SIR: Yesterday evening came your parcel, which seems to have been above a year on its voyage. Be good enough to write soon, instantly, about my books, etc., and how the eclogue * sells, and whether you wish to continue to publish for me. I have no inclination to change unless you wish it, as your neglect might give me reason to suppose. I have only had time to look at Lamb's works, but *Altham* and *Endymion* are both before me.

I have two works of some length, one of a very popular character, ready for the press.

Be good enough to pay for me seven pounds to Mr. Hunt.

With best wishes for your literary and all other success.

I am, yours truly,

P. B. SHELLEY.

Pray send a copy of my Poem or anything which I may hereafter publish to Mr. Keats with my best regards.†

Accept my thanks for *Altham and His Wife:* I have no doubt that the pleasure in store for me this evening will make me desire the company of their cousin *Inesilla*.

Postmark, *May 30, 1820*.

Pray tell me — are there any differences between you and Mr. Hunt, and if so, do they regard the advance either made or proposed to be made to him on my quitting England?

You know I pledged myself to you to see all right [on] that subject, and if any dispute should have arisen without giving me an opportunity of arranging it, I have reason to think myself slighted — I imagine you cannot

* Rosalind and Helen.

† Shelley had cancelled here 'If I should say when I have read it that I admire *Endymion* he probably.'

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mistake the motives which suggest this question. Mrs. Shelley is now transcribing for me the little poems to be printed at the end of *Prometheus;* they will be sent in a post or two.

PISA, *April 30, 1820.*

DEAR SIR: I observe that an edition of *The Cenci* is advertised as published in Paris by Galignani.* This, though a piracy both upon the author and the publisher, is a proof of an expectation of a certain demand for sale that probably will soon exhaust the small edition I sent you. In your reprint you will be guided, of course, by the apparent demand. I send a list of errata; the incorrectness of the forms of typography, etc., which are considerably numerous, you will be so obliging as to attend to yourself. I cannot describe the trouble I had with the Italian printer.

I request you to give me an immediate answer to the questions of my last letters. Reynell, the printer, has sent in his account for the *Six Weeks' Tour*, which, of course, I counted upon to pay from the profits — and I therefore suspend my answer until I receive yours and Hookham's accounts. I do not particularly care about an account item by item. I only wish to possess a general idea of our mutual situations in regard to profit and loss — and this will be afforded by your reply to my late letters, which I reiterate my request that you will be good enough to attend to.

Mr. and Mrs. Gisborne, my particular friends, are now on the point of leaving Italy; they will call on you; and any politeness in your power to them I shall regard as a particular favor to myself. Be kind enough to present them with copies of whatever I have published. They only propose to stay in England a few weeks.

I beg you to send me all the *abuse.*

Dear Sir,

Your obliged faithful Servt.,

PERCY B. SHELLEY.

Address Pisa.

I have just heard from Mr. Hunt, who tells me that you propose publishing *Peter Bell.* This I have no objection to provided my name is *entirely suppressed*, not that I am not ready to answer to anything that it contains, but that I think it a trifle unworthy of me seriously to acknowledge.

NAPLES, *February 29, 1818.*
Postmark F. P. O., *Mr. 20, 1819.*

DEAR SIR: Pray let me hear from you addressed to Rome on the several subjects of my last letter, and especially to inform me of the name of the ship and the mode of address by which my box was sent. As yet I have no tidings of it.

Your obliged servant,

PERCY B. SHELLEY.

N.B. — If you do not write within three months after the receipt of this, address as before, Mr. Gisborne, Livorno.

PISA, *June 16, 1821.*

DEAR SIR: I am requested to propose to you, for publication, a work, of which the accompanying sheets are a specimen, on the terms stated in the enclosed paper; that is that you should defray the expenses of printing, etc., and divide the profits with the author.* Should you object to this arrangement, be kind enough to tell me on what terms, short of the author's entire risk, you would be inclined to engage in it.

The more considerable portion of this work will consist of the comment.

* This edition was never published.

* This work, a commentary by Taafe on Dante, was printed, like *Adonais*, at Pisa by a printer who used the types of Didot, the celebrated French typefounder. Byron interested himself in the book, and it was subsequently published by John Murray. Professor Dowden printed the middle paragraph of this letter.

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I have read with much attention this portion, as well as the verses, up to the eighth Canto; and I do not hesitate to assure you that the lights which the annotator's labors have thrown on the obscurer parts of the test are such as all foreigners and most Italians would derive an immense additional knowledge of Dante from. They elucidate a great number of the most interesting facts connected with Dante's history of his times; and everywhere bear the mark of a most elegant and accomplished mind. I know you will not take my opinion on poetry, because I thought my own verses very good, and you find that the public declare them to be unreadable. Show this to Mr. Procter, who is far better qualified to judge than I am. There are certainly passages of great strength and conciseness; indeed, the author has sacrificed everything to represent his original truly, in this latter point pray observe the great beauty of the typography; they are the same types as my elegy on Keats is printed from.

You cannot do me a greater favor than in making some satisfactory arrangement with the author. Of course I cannot expect, nor do I wish, that you should undertake anything that should not fairly promise to promote your own interest. But pray allow my recommendation to overbalance, if your determination should be in equilibrium. I feel persuaded that I am recommending a most excellent work, and one without which the history and the spirit of the age of Dante as relates to him will never be understood by the English students of that astonishing poet.

Dear sir, your obliged and obt. servt.

PERCY B. SHELLEY.

Pisa, June 16, 1821.

[*L'Echo de Paris*]

THE LOUVRE TO-DAY

BY ARSÈNE ALEXANDRE

THE resurrection of the Louvre, which is to-day taking place, is a striking image of the resurrection of France. Like France herself, the Louvre has known its hours of tragic trial, danger, and exultation. It is, indeed, fitting that its formal re-opening should coincide with Germany's assent to a treaty which reaffirms the moral and material ascendancy of France. The re-opening of the Louvre has been a great task, a gigantic task. Let us see how those who have been charged with this labor have acquitted themselves. Let us analyze and state the problems which confront our national treasure house.

Imagine, then, the Louvre as it was during the war, the vast edifice empty and desolate, the walls hung with cobwebs, the floors covered with the dust and plaster of five terrible years; everywhere the damage wrought by the anti-aircraft defenses. Such a museum must be entirely reconstructed. Few exhibits, one quickly sees, can take their ancient place. This position was

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usurped; that beauty was unseen; a general rearrangement becomes a necessity. The walls must be done over; the lighting system corrected. Ten thousand works of art must be reclassified by a management which must not forget the effect of the ensemble. All this is not to be done in a day. It takes months, years even, to put right what was undone in an hour. England has had great difficulty in rearranging the National Gallery.

Above all, the courage to get away from routine is necessary. For example, nothing could be more ridiculous than the notion of the *Salon Carré*, that gorge of competing masterpieces. Thrust, hugger-mugger, into the swarm, the finest things served but to annihilate each other. A collection needs unity and space.

The *Salon Carré* of to-day has put on that magnificent and necessary unity. It has become one of the most glorious sites in the world; take the word of a pilgrim who has visited every great shrine of art beneath the sun. It is consecrated to the glory of Venice.

Our magnificent Titians and Veroneses are at last suitably placed. The Repast at the House of Simon, by Veronese, balances the enchantment of the Marriage at Cana; the radiant Christ of the same master matches the grave and kindly Lord of Titian's canvas. The beholder now perceives that these great masters were more than givers and painters of feasts; they were masters of the pathetic.

The *Grande Gallerie*, which has been happily spaced by columns, offers a rational exhibition of the schools. The visitor, however, must expect some surprises. The pictures are better spaced; they are not hung so high, and certain injustices, particularly once done to the schools of Northern Italy, have been remedied. The panels on which burns the flame that animated Leonardo, Mantegna, Raphael, Veronese, Titian, Tintoretto, Ribera, Murillo, and Zurbaran (I am keeping more or less to the order) reveal their clear outlines as never before. The course of the torch of beauty may be traced. One can study the panorama of the centuries, study a certain period, a certain master, or the greatest work of a master.

But the *Grande Galerie* is not yet complete, and to-day it ends at that little space between four columns which will be the future jewel of the museum — a show room to be sure, but a rationally arranged one. And what pictures! The six that are to be found there may be termed the six stars of the nation's intellectual crown. The Marriage of St. Catherine, by Corrigeo, the Concert, by Giorgione, the Allegory, by Titian, Joan of Aragon, by Raphael, St. Anne, by Leonardo, and Mona Lisa. One senses no rivalry there. A profound peace reigns. It makes real Victor Hugo's definition of genius — 'the region of equals.'

Were proof to be required of my statement that the placing of the masters in the old *Salon Carré* was a regrettable business, it may be had in a visit to the Immaculate Conception, by Murillo. In the *Salon Carré*, it had been hung very high; to-day it is placed low and in a good light. The manner in which the new light exalts the mystic atmosphere of the painting is conclusive

Little by little, our promenade brings us to the halls of the French primitives. What effect have they to eyes that have seen the great masters? I hasten to say that the figure which they make is an admirable one. Turn to the Gathering of Peasants, by Le Nain, a recently acquired canvas, and the Portrait of Mother Angelique Arnauld, by

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Philippe de Champaigne The two poles of French thought at a time when it was supremely master of itself, the celestial pole and its earthly p.otagonist. The patient life of the peasant; the resigned existence of the ascetic. Let us honor these two paintings, sources of force and resource amid the frenzy and tumult of our day.

The Louvre teaches us neither to doubt of truth nor of ourselves. In its survival, there is discernible a stately majesty. Let us have confidence in this majesty, for in it are contained all those aspirations, joys, and sorrows which alone give value to life.

[*The Hibbert Journal*]

THE IMMORTAL SOUL

BY FRANCIS STOPFORD

It may be taken for granted that sooner or later an exact definition of 'the soul of man' will be forthcoming. The term is generally accepted, but its meaning is so vague and ragged that probably, even in a little company of half a dozen intimates, not two would write down exactly the same designation. Whence came the soul, whither it goes, its nature here or hereafter, are questions on which there is as great doubt and disputation today as existed one, two, or three thousand years ago. War has naturally added interest and poignancy to the discussion, and many a heart-broken parent and lover have fallen on their knees during these terrible years and besought a vision from heaven. But no direct answer has been given. An unaccountable peace has doubtless been vouchsafed to many, so that they now rest content to work and wait until they themselves pass behind the veil; others appear to have found relief in the broken utterances of mediums, and even in the unaccountable behavior of certain material objects.

What is the soul of man? If it exists truly, then surely it must be discoverable and definable. It seems as though hitherto we have been so busy exploring the surface of the planet on which we dwell, in the leisure years between quarrels among ourselves, that we have found neither time nor opportunity to explore our personalities and to tabulate our experiences, as we should were we dealing with a dark continent or a pernicious microbe. But that stage is passing.

It will not be disputed that *Homo sapiens* is part of the animal world. In conception, in birth, in life, in reproduction of species, and in death he has everything in common with other animals, and much in common with vegetables. This being so, the first fact to be established is how it came about that this one small sub-species of anthropoids separated itself from the rest of animal creation, and has been able to advance mentally at a rate of progress which is miraculous compared with the processes of physical evolution. It is a curious fact that, directly modern man begins to talk of the soul, he rarely goes further backward than the legend of Mesopotamia, and more often than not is content to stop at

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Plato. This is the more amazing in that tribes still exist on earth in whom we may detect almost every stage of the religious, mental, and physical advance that has been made since man ceased to be arboreal and walked erect. It is true the missing link has not been discovered, but aboriginals of Australia, pygmies of Central Africa, certain naked and backward folk of remote Asiatic jungles and islands, to quote no others, stand much nearer to the ape in their customs, habits, and conduct of life than they do, say, to Oxford dons or to female graduates of inferior universities.

Now, if we accept the truth, which I understand is scientifically proved beyond question, that man has evolved from the amœba, then it must be honestly admitted that, if a soul exists, at some stage or other this soul — this immortal essence — must have been evolved or created. I do not see any way out of the difficulty except by confronting it boldly. At what period of evolution did man put on immortality, and in what manner?

Here one may pause and draw attention to two ideas interwoven in the belief and disbelief in immortality. With those who hold to the Christian faith in the persistence of personality — the continuance of individual consciousness — there is almost invariably associated a conviction that after death there will be an extraordinary exaggeration of the *ego* — that is to say that, when the individual wears the crown of eternal life, he will attain to some far greater power and place than has been permitted to him in this world. If we examine this assumption rationally, it appears absurd. Here at most a man has had to contend with one, two, or, in part, three generations, whereas in the world to come, if the faith be proven, he will find himself a part of all the generations of men since the world began. It would seem to follow that, instead of his ego being magnified, it must be diminished. This exaggeration is distinctly traceable to the Apocalypse, to the vision of the New Jerusalem as a city of gold. It is overlooked that in the dream of the exile of Patmos 'the city was of pure gold *like unto clear glass*'; and the power which minted gold, handled scantily, has been able to bestow on earth is deemed to be a thousandfold multiplied in heaven, inasmuch as it will be freely possessed.

This illusion of an exaggerated ego, which is at the base of no little of the Christian belief in a personal immortality, is a small thing compared with the other fallacy that a man must either accept the persistence of personality or deny immortality. The two ideas, as they present themselves to me, are separable. The point I wish to establish here is that it may be conceivable that, without persistence of personality, man still has part in the Eternal. So far as my experience goes, this belief in the persistence of a living and breathing human personality is essentially of Christian origin. And to-day I wonder how many clerics of my Church, the Church of England, who have subscribed to the Thirty-nine Articles, are prepared to stand at the altar before a congregation of faithful men, and with their hand on the consecrated elements to swear: 'So surely as my eyes behold this congregation and this stone fabric around me, so surely I believe that at a later period of my existence my eyes will behold the crucified Galilean, "with flesh, bones, and all things appertaining to the perfection of man's nature," and also the throned Presence of Him whom I worship now in the flesh as the Father of the Galilean.'

'Deny God, deny the immortality of the soul, and man denies the two

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essential elements of human progress, the two great truths for which the master minds of humanity have struggled since the earliest dawn. Listen to the cry: "God is God. Man is immortal." It ascends from grove and grotto, from temple and church, from every altar — ay! even from altars raised to the unknown God or to a half-suspected Devil.' This was my view a dozen years ago; to-day, in a blood-drenched world, with the air still heavy with the smoke of battle and the death agonies of the noblest youth of civilization, I find no reason to write differently.

Only one great religion has attempted to define God adequately by earthly symbols — the Hindu religion; thereby it has made itself the laughing-stock of the foolish. Yet the ten thousand gods of Hindu pantheism are but an effort of very subtle minds to portray the infinity of God's power and presence in human affairs. The Hebrew, with his more accurate discernment, refused to attempt the impossible. God to him was a Presence, all-pervading but ever the same, which he recognized and worshiped, but declined to name. After many generations it has been realized that the Jew is right. Directly an attempt is made to define God in human terms, failure ensues. 'God is God'— 'I am that I am'— there the riddle, so far as human understanding is concerned, begins and ends. Yet the whole family of man accepts God, and through this acceptance withdraws itself from the rest of the animal creation. But whether the Godhead presents Himself to individual man as a Power, a Presence, an Essence, a Rhythm, a Principle, or a Personality, the implication is always present that there is in man some quality or thing which corresponds to this Eternal Being. This is what we know as the soul, which in its very essence is Godlike, differing altogether from animal tissues and carnal passions, though in a manner subject to them. Endless have been the attempts to define the soul, and the mere fact that these still continue and will continue in the mystical writings of all creeds and peoples is overwhelming evidence that mankind is personally assured that some part of his nature is of the Eternal.

There are those who deny the existence of the soul. We need not trouble about those who only attempt to realize themselves through fleshly appetites and physical sensations, but confine our view to those others who deny this belief sorrowfully, yet lead such self-denying lives that their disbelief strengthens in their neighbors the very faith that is withheld from themselves. To me it is inconceivable that through all the ages a belief in God and in an after-life should have been clung to so obstinately by all branches of the human family directly they passed beyond primal savagery, and should still be so pertinaciously held, notwithstanding the advances of science, if the two were empty conceptions.

Here the wheel turns full circle. Accept the reality of God and faith in the soul's immortality: when did God declare Himself to man, and when did the soul enter man? Is it not possible that these two realities — for so I accept them — may be distinctly traceable to man's segregation from the animal world? Is it not possible that this segregation was due to the possession by the anthropoid, *Homo sapiens*, of certain physical powers peculiar to his species? If this be not so, we continue to be faced by the riddle why the great ape, man, has so outdistanced the rest of creation. We know that man's development is predominantly cerebral; bone and muscle have varied

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slightly through hundreds of generations, but the power of the brain has strengthened and increased enormously. And so, someone may exclaim, you would advance the old theory that brain and soul are identical! Not so. But I do believe that in the brain there are certain cells peculiar to man, which constitute the soul. You retort: The brain perishes at death, and, if these cells be the soul, they too die; so how, if the soul be a brain cell, can it be immortal? That is so. But though the cells perish, the special work which has been accomplished by them during life will not perish but endure. It is the work that is immortal, not the mechanism that produces it. But the mechanism is only able to produce the work adequately when it recognizes and adapts itself to the work's immortal character. To state my contention in as simple language as possible: I believe that the human brain, through certain cells peculiar to itself, actually does receive from the ether and does communicate to the ether vibrations which never wholly cease, and which exert physical influence on other human brains through an indefinite period of time. It is this power which has endued man with immortality, and has convinced him rightly that he has part in the Eternal Principle which moulds the universe.

One has only in these days to talk to a doctor engaged in a shell-shock hospital to understand how great is the darkness in which those work who minister to a mind diseased; even distinguished alienists do not agree on the dividing line between sanity and insanity. So when we regard the immensity of the field in which the brain action takes place, the vastness of its powers, the minuteness of its tabulations, it is surely nothing remarkable to hold that we are only at the beginning of the knowledge of this organ, which in its marvelous development is peculiar to man.

All religions, even the most primitive, have for their main object the segregation of man from the rest of the animal world. Their aim is to strengthen and heighten man's self-respect, to compel him to realize that he is the peculiar object of the love or hate of an all-pervading power or powers that encompass him throughout his life, and also that at death the individual life does not necessarily cease but may continue, either suffering or rejoicing, in so far as certain religious rules or rites have or have not been conformed to. The great religions of the world have been slowly built up on these foundations.

An extraordinary similarity exists between those two potent religions, Buddhism and Christianity, in so far as they strive to educate the soul. These two appear to constitute the negative and the positive of an identical system. The sincere Buddhist seeks immortality by overcoming the self through its withdrawal from the temptations and evils of the world; the sincere Christian seeks immortality by overcoming the self through a constant struggle with the temptations and evils of the world. For each, the self, as it finds expression through its mere animal attributes and qualities, is deemed the hindrance to the full measure of the development of the Eternal that is within man. The Buddhist regards the animal self as illusion; the Christian, as a ghostly enemy ever ready and eager to assault and hurt the soul; for each, life is a continuous warfare between the eternal and the transitory, and in so far as it is permitted during mortal existence to bring the animal into subjection to the spiritual, in so far is each satisfied he has prepared himself in some degree

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for immortality, and together they laud and magnify those of their fellows who by an act of great renunciation, it may be the sacrifice of life or worldly power or pleasure, have, as it were, met eternal life halfway.

Christianity is here referred to in its broadest sense. Except for Mohammedanism, it is the youngest of religions, and probably the most misunderstood and the most abused of them all. Several reasonable causes for this may be advanced, but this is not the place for their discussion. In my opinion, the only fair test by which to judge the influence and power of a religion is by the elevation or degradation in the mass of the tribes or nations who profess it, over several generations. Christianity as a whole, judged in this manner, comes out well.

Personal experience has taught me that Christianity, in so far as it is content to find expression through mere rites and ceremonies and outward observances, after the manner of other religions, is the feeblest of them all; it altogether lacks the necessary machinery, and no church or other human institution has been able to supply it. On the other hand, Christianity which primarily devotes its energies to the active help of mankind, and finds its highest expression in following the practice of Jesus of Nazareth and rendering service and performing kindly acts to the men and women with whom it comes into contact, is the most triumphant force the world possesses. 'The blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the Gospel is preached.' This is even truer — not only metaphorically but literally truer — of Christianity today than when these words were first spoken. In saying this, let it not be thought that the writer is against religious observances *per se*. A temple for prayer, and a lonely mountain for meditation, are as much necessary now as ever for the soul's well-being. For a Christian to protest he cannot meditate or pray unless the God of his belief be envisaged, is only to raise in another form Philip's saying: 'Show us the Father and it sufficeth us.'

Man has a soul; it has reached a certain stage of development, wherefore, it follows that whatever has helped toward its right development continues to be needful, whether the soul be a physical fact or an indefinable essence. And as the soul is that one part of man that is of the nature of God, of the Eternal, it follows that the worship of God is essential if the soul of man is to prosper.

Here again the Great War has cleared the air. Years ago I lived for some weeks in a house on the edge of a hill range in India. I looked over the plains, glowing under perpetual sunshine; I watched dust storms career over arid fields; I traced the track of dying rivers; I discerned vaguely palm grove, temple, and village; I seemed to see a great distance, and I doubted when told that on a clear day another range of hills was visible on the empty horizon. One night a terrific thunderstorm raged; the flood-gates of heaven were opened. At dawn I stood on my threshold and beheld a new earth! Outlined on the horizon was a purple mass of everlasting hills, invisible before. The landscape beneath me, newwashed in that terrible storm, shone forth vividly in the sunshine of early morning. Dying rivers were in flood; dusty fields were good brown earth; temples glittered, and every palm and living shred of green about the villages glistened in the clear light. The Great War, it seems to me, is serving the same purpose as that storm. The everlasting, yesterday invisible and denied, is manifest to-day. Rivers of refresh-

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ment, derided as mere perishing pools and stagnant puddles, are in full flood. New life, new goodness is revealed in the common ways of men, and those who doubted honestly the excellence of human nature are astounded and rejoiced at the revelation.

This also we are learning anew — that in good are the seeds of life, and in evil the seeds of death. Light, liberty, and love are good; cruelty, slavery, and darkness are evil. There is no need at this time to use another word to define these two ever-opposing principles. But we have learned for certain that neither intellectual strength, nor skill of mind, nor energy of will, nor cunning speech can make evil good or good evil. So we are forced to strive once more to disentangle the incorruptible from the corruptible, the immortal from mortality.

The clue surely lies in service to one's fellow man. It is an aim we find in some form common to all religions. 'To do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God,' was the noble ideal of a Hebrew poet. Splendid nobility was there in the life of an Indian prince who renounced power and wealth and ease to meditate on the eternal, and to open for his fellow men an escape from the meannesses, the wickednesses, and the illusions of the flesh. But the Galilean showed a yet truer way when He denounced, at the risk of His life, hypocrisy and insincerity, and went silent to death, lest He should weaken by a syllable His life's message, and when He taught that life eternal was to be won by acts of the most simple kindness and sympathy. Seeing how such self-sacrifice has worked for man's well-being through the centuries, and how it is actively at work at this hour, and recognizing that the whole future of mankind to-day hinges on the survival of lowly loving kindness between man and man, which Jesus taught secured life eternal for whosoever practised it, it were no wonder that devout persons discern God in the Son of Man, and worship and adore Him as the Son of God. Religion, based on the conduct of Christ, is as essential for the growth and health of the soul in the individual as fresh air and exercise are for the growth and health of the body.

The war has furthermore demonstrated that to speak of all men being equal in the sight of God is not mere rhetoric, a pleasant phrase, signifying nothing, but that it is an actual truth. Man-made conditions constitute the vital differences between man and man, people and people, nation and nation. The highest civilization, as we of this generation understand the word, is the one under which a people has emerged the most completely from slavery. No people is entirely free, but we comprehend that liberty, once gained, must be primarily employed in winning liberty for others; for liberty, disciplined liberty, is the very breath of the soul. Indeed, we may go a step farther and declare that every fight man has ever waged for freedom has been in order to safeguard for himself the right to live not for himself but for others, and that when we speak of progress we imply increased security for the individual so to develop the highest part of his being, that by living more worthily to himself he *ipso facto* advances the good of his neighbor.

Man begins to realize that the vision of a new heaven and a new earth in the Apocalypse is not a beautiful idle dream. As a matter of fact, he has toiled and fought for generations, usually without knowing it, that 'the tabernacle of God may be with men.' In one sense a new earth has never appeared more remote than during the last four years, in another sense it has never seemed nearer. Death has been

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resanctified; we have learned how much pain and sorrow is preventable, and are determined to prevent it; we have come to believe universal peace to be possible, and are resolute to work for that end; 'the fearful and the unbelieving and the abominable' are still with us, but we perceive that they have no part in the inheritance of the Spirit, but that they prepare for themselves a second death. They live for the animal, and they shall die with the animal. They who live for the spirit shall never die.

What is the immortal life which the soul inherits, if it be indeed of the flesh? The constant and perplexing clash between flesh and spirit is not denied, but how does it exist if each be a part of the other? May not this very clash arise from a misunderstanding of the true nature of the soul, and from too high a demand being made upon it?

The subject is a difficult one to discuss, in that its terminology is circumscribed by old ideas and deep-rooted meanings. All of man is mortal, but a fragment of him is immortal in the sense that during mortal life, by means of this part of his physical being, man can both live in unison with the Eternal and impart to the Eternal his higher self, which persists when the mechanism which produced it has perished. It was the possession of this power — this intercommunication of brain and brain without the presence of the body — which enabled *Homo sapiens* to break away from the rest of brute creation. In his earliest stages man, without realizing its possession, was yet vaguely conscious of it; it was to facilitate and as it were to solidify these cerebral currents that language was evolved. The limitations of human speech, even at this comparatively late stage of its development, point to this fact. Words are superfluous for the commoner needs of animal existence; words are obscene for its grosser necessities; words are worthless or ridiculous when employed to express emotions common to brute creation. Notice the primitive sounds a man utters when carried away by anger. And in the ecstasy of love, though a man be blessed with the gift of poesy, the sweetest melody he makes is poor compared with the song of the nesting thrush. Words, when used for the animal side of man, are feeble channels of communication; but apply them to the needs of the soul, and how could the soul have reached its present development without their use? Here I use the term 'soul' to designate distinctly those cells, brain cells as I believe them to be, through which a man is able to draw unto his self the good that abides in human life, and to give it forth again with greater strength for the benefit of his fellow men. It was the soul that evoked language, not language that furnished forth the soul.

I write on the assumption that the spiritual instinct is not a mere symptom of a certain stage of mental development or of a state of civilization, but that it goes back to the beginning of things, and is as real and concrete as the sexual instinct; in a word, that the former, like the latter, has its origin in a vital physical fact. Let such a theory as the one I here set down be established scientifically, and man will enter on a newer and higher region than any he has occupied hitherto. The abstract virtues, as they are broadly understood, will then be recognized to be just as essential for his right existence as well-ventilated habitations. Religion will be to the soul what food and exercise are to the body; but it will be a religion of conduct, not of rites and ceremonials, and man shall praise God and worship Him by rendering willing and joyful service to his neighbor. For generations this has

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been the practice of sincere and godly men and women, but hitherto, so far at least as Christianity is concerned, it has been conditioned by the promise of reward hereafter or by the threat of future punishment. Henceforth it will be accepted that man only fulfills the highest law of his being, that he only obtains the best out of life, when he acts after this fashion. That will be his reward, but could the individual desire a higher one?

Hitherto selfishness has been denounced as a trait unworthy of man. Though the qualifying epithet 'enlightened' be added, yet a taint of feebleness and wrongdoing still clings even to 'enlightened selfishness.' But if the soul be a physical part of the self, as much man as body or mind, then to live for the self is most worthy, and 'he that findeth his *self* shall lose it: and he that loseth his *self* for my sake shall find it.' We have only to read into the words 'for my sake' the conduct of Jesus, to comprehend the lively significance and truth of this saying.

Man is immortal in life, not after death. It is his acts that persist, not his animal simulacrum. These acts need not of themselves be heroic. He has only to wage war on hypocrisy, insincerity, and deceit; he has only by self-discipline and self-restraint to make life a little wider and cleaner and more joyful for those around him; he has only to give a crumb of comfort to the starving soul and to ease the throb of the aching heart, to find himself at one with God and in communion with the souls of all good men.

Life eternal encompasses him in this world, and he has the power to partake of that life if he so wills it; in truth he does not live healthily unless he exerts this power. Living healthily, he will presently find better delight in the things that appertain unto the eternal, and will scorn the dictates of his perishable nature when they are opposed to the higher impulses. He will be a brave man. As the years proceed they shall not condemn but provide recompense for the weakening of the body, for the failing of desire. There shall reach him through the portal of the soul the eternal gladness of youth — youth which rejoices in a good fight, and whose gladness, pain, sorrow, and disappointment can only cloud but not kill — and he shall know most surely that his life is not bounded by death.

Thrice, at the warning of the doctors, I have made ready for death. The first time I had thought myself convinced of the resurrection of the body; I desired it ardently, I hoped for it. But when the faith was brought to the test, it failed. I could discern no individuality beyond the grave, nothing but darkness — a gentle darkness and a great calm. Heaven and hell appeared to be on earth; life eternal and everlasting death in the deeds done and left undone here. Twice again the same conviction flooded my being and brought peace at the point of death. There was no sense of egoism save the thought that, notwithstanding frequent failure, I had tried to do my duty. This duty in the main, as it then presented itself, was — to quote my own words written at the time — 'to render the world a little happier, a little brighter, and a little healthier for those who come after.' In this work lay immortality, and in so far as I had striven to this end there had gone forth from my being an energy which endures. This energy, conjoined to a vast volume of effluence, a stream of living power, the outflowing of the actions of all unselfish men and women of all time, inspires, strengthens, and compels humanity to the same purpose forever.

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THE ARTS AND LETTERS

NEWS FROM THE EUROPEAN THEATRES

THE London theatrical season is now in full swing. A new play by Mr. Edward Knoblauch, entitled *Mumsie*, is soon to be produced at the Little Theatre. The new management of the playhouse is anxious to encourage British authors, and plays have already been acquired from Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. Harold Brighouse. At the Royalty, Mr. Dennis Eadie is reviving *The Admirable Crichton*. At the Queen's, *The Cinderella Man*, an importation from the United States, is rapidly nearing its three hundredth performance, and at the Court, a dramatized version of the world famous *Young Visiters* is due in February. Miss Constance Collier is busy with the rehearsals of *Peter Ibbetson* soon scheduled for the stage of the Court.

THE great sensation of the dramatic year in Paris has been the strike of the *artistes* of the opera. After formulating the usual 'demands,' the actors decided to strike and give performances of their own in the working class quarter of Paris. The hall, in the Rue Grange-aux-Belles, turned out to be commodious enough, but the audience was far from fashionable and the performance far from agreeable. The quarter, with its clangorous railway station, its mephitic canal, slovenly houses and *gamin*-haunted streets, is not one of pleasant memory. The dancers of the opera are but poorly paid, the 'stars' receive only four hundred francs a month, but the machinists earn a thousand francs a month and have little to complain about.

PERHAPS the most notable play of the new year is *La Maison Epargnée* (The House That Was Spared), by M. Jean Jacques Bernard, son of the well-known dramatist, M. Tristan Bernard. M. Robert de Flers thought it a 'most remarkable' performance, and detected the influence of Ibsen. The theme is simple and moving. The curtain rises on a village of 1914 in the early days of the invasion. The *maire* has fled; the *curé* has been shot. A well-to-do, retired village proprietor, Fabian Costile, assumes the powers of these functionaries, and struggles honorably and bravely to protect the village from the brutalities of the Germans. His house is open to all; every day his neighbors come to ask his aid. To the hated enemy officer lodged in his house, he behaves with exquisite and chill correctness. The battle of the Marne is fought, and the Germans prepare their retreat. As he is packing up to go away, the enemy guest says to Costile, 'I shall prove to you that I am not ungrateful.' And he follows these words with the order to spare Costile's house in the general firing of the village.

Thenceforth, the ransomed house rises amid the ruined village like a provocation; it inspires the villagers with jealousy and suspicion. The runaway *maire*, on his return, is ready to treat Costile as a spy. Soon Costile has but one friend left to him, the village schoolmaster. Crushed by the weight of all, the unfortunate man resolves to leave the village. As he goes, he catches sight of his ill-omened dwelling, and the final curtain descends on Costile, overcome by anger and pain, setting his own house on fire.

The three acts are soberly done and treated with profound emotion. M. de Flers writes: 'We must congratulate M. Bernard for having written a play about the war which avoided any touch of the fustian romantic, and gave us a picture of true and human emotions.'

THERE are two 'theatres' in Italy — that which really belongs to the country, and that which attracts what the newspapers call *il gran pubblico delle premières* and its followers and imitators. A newcomer to Italy who let himself be guided by inju-

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dicious friends might very well conclude that Italy drew, even more than England once was held to draw, on that inexhaustible source called 'from the French.' Translations and adaptations abound. The most successful first night of the present season in Rome was that of an Italian version of Hennequin's *Choquette et Son As*.

But side by side with the performances which savor of society functions and those which are transplanted, suffering in the process, from Paris, there is a theatre that is essentially alive and energetic and experimental, that spends much care and very little money on production, and is noteworthy for a very high level of acting. And separate again is the dialect theatre,— Tuscan, Neapolitan, Sicilian,— which in itself is the clearest proof of the way in which the theatre belongs to Italian life.

In Italy the theatre is in no sense metropolitan; that is to say, there is no concentration of the leading actors and actresses in Rome, as in London or Paris. Rome, Milan, Turin, Florence, Naples, and the other big towns — the leading companies move backwards and forwards from one to another, though each has its preferences where it finds special favor and makes the longest stay. There is no such thing as a long run in the usual sense. The programme of each company is a repertory programme.

The Argentina (Rome) has been giving a wide choice — *Fanny's First Play*, *La Femme Nue*, *La Prise de Berg op Zoom*, by Sacha Guitry, *Glauco*, a classical play, and *Tristano e l'Ombra*, a strange, wandering, disconnected, symbolist series of scenes developed from the latter half of the Tristan legend, the story of a Tristan haunted by the shadow of the first Isolde, marrying the second, Isaotta Blancesmano, in the hope of forgetfulness, only to be haunted still by the shadow — the whole complicated and overlaid by a parallel story of the troubles of the second Isolde's father. Tristan was played by Maria Melato, the author's idea being, it is said, that the playing of the part by a woman would emphasize the symbolism of his work and dissociate it more definitely from reality.

The audience and the critics were at one in their condemnation, and the Argentina witnessed a remarkable scene. The uproar was so great at one point that the manager appeared and asked whether the audience would prefer the play to be stopped. It was agreed to go on, and the management had the courage to give a second performance, which found more favor. But it is doubtful whether the play will go further.

Fanny's First Play was excellently done. It was doubtfully received to begin with, and it certainly loses greatly by its Italian dress. Mr. Shaw's characters are still more unreal when they are made to speak Italian, and Mr. Trotter, in rather long side-whiskers, looked like a provincial solicitor. But the acting was admirable, though some of it seemed a little old-fashioned for Mr. Shaw's requirements, and there was an innovation in stage management which was very effective. Mr. Trotter sat in a stage box and his colleagues were in the front row of the stalls, while Fanny's poor father declaimed his dismay from another stall.

Two theatres in Rome have been giving dialect plays at present. Grasso, with his Sicilians, is at the Eliseo, and Scarpetta is giving a selection of Neapolitan plays at the Manzoni. Grasso has not been in Rome for six years, and they say he has been playing very little. He is as great as he was in old days, better perhaps in some ways, for there is all the vigor and skill, all the dominating personality, and a little less exaggeration. In spite of his obvious excesses there is enough truth and beauty in his work to carry him triumphantly to his place among the great. Mimi Aguglia is dead, and her successor is no more with the company. But there is a girl still in her teens, 'la Marrone,' who is taking their place worthily. In *Feudalismo* she and Grasso gave the authentic thrill. They are supported by a company whose acting seems less like acting than a perfectly plain straightforward presentation of life as it happens to them. The onlooker was not in the theatre, but in a Sicilian village, watching a few of its inhabitants.

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[*The London Mercury*]

THE BUZZARDS

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

When evening came and the warm glow grew deeper,
And every tree that bordered the green meadows
And in the yellow cornfields every reaper
And every corn-shock stood above their shadows
Flung eastward from their feet in longer measure,
Serenely far there swam in the sunny height
A buzzard and his mate who took their pleasure
Swirling and poising idly in golden light.

On great pied motionless moth-wings borne along
So effortless and so strong,
Cutting each other's paths together they glided,
Then wheeled asunder till they soared divided
Two valleys' width (as though it were delight
To part like this, being sure they could unite
So swiftly in their empty, free dominion),
Curved headlong downward, towered up the sunny steep,
Then, with a sudden lift of the one great pinion,
Swung proudly to a curve, and from its height
Took half a mile of sunlight in one long sweep.

And we, so small on the swift immense hillside,
Stood tranced, until our souls arose uplifted
On those far-sweeping, wide,
Strong curves of flight — swayed up and hugely drifted,
Were washed, made strong and beautiful in the tide
Of sun-bathed air. But far beneath beholden
Through shining deeps of air, the fields were golden
And rosy burned the heather where cornfields ended.

And still those buzzards wheeled, while light withdrew
Out of the vales and to surging slopes ascended,
Till the loftiest-flaming summit died to blue.

[*The London Mercury*]

A COUNTRY MOOD

BY ROBERT GRAVES

Take now a country mood,
Resolve, distill it:
Nine Acre swaying alive,
June flowers that fill it,

Spicy sweetbriar bush,
The uneasy wren
Fluttering from ash to birch
And back again,

Milkwort on its low stem,
Spread hawthorn-tree,
Sunlight patching the wood,
A hive-bound bee,

Girls riding nim-nim-nim,
Ladies, trot-trot,
Gentlemen hard at gallop
Shouting, steam-hot.

Now over the rough turf
Bridles go jingle,
And there's a well-loved pool
By Fox's Dingle

Where Sweetheart, my brown mare,
Old Glory's daughter,
May loll her leathern tongue
In snow-cool water.

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